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The City of God (Moscow)

By Aleister Crowley

Day after day we crawled
Beneath the leaden, flat,
Featureless heaven, across dull emerald
Field after field, whereon no aureate
Sunrise awakened earth's Magnificat,
Save at the marge where, rimmed with duller pines,
Dun earth mixed with black heaven, there unsealed
A red eye glowing through that furtive field
As if the bloodhound of Eternity
Tracked the thief Time. Remorseless rain
Beat down, pale piteous monotony,
Upon the inexorable plain.

A gnome that staggers under the grim load
Set on his back by God,
Might pity our weak jolting as we moved
Hopelessly, yet inevitably, on,
Under who knows what senseless goad,
Unlovable as unloved,
Toward the evasive horizon
That mocked us without laughter, wrapped
In its own cynic sleep,
Careless of the vitalities it trapped,
Not sanguine from the blood it lapped,
Not living from the life it sapped,
But in eternal gloom,
Its own soul's tomb.

This was the sombre way we went—
Not eloquent of death, since death is change,
But of some tideless ocean sad and strange
Beneath a mute, immobile firmament,
The sun himself struck silent at the nod
Of some more awful God.

We were so far from the one city we sought
That we had never hoped; and so despair
Never built bastions against the thought
That we might—in some ultimate—be there.
Sunset and dawn were but the same red eye,
The first behind us and the last before,
Nor was the night more leaden than the day,
Since—to see less no worse than to see more,
Sight's limit being that monotony
Of grievous green and grey!

Wonder could no more touch the soul. The dawn
Broke as its peers had broken—when we found
Ourselves in an enchanted ground
Where all the plain was suddenly withdrawn,
And we were in the midst of alien races
And monstrous market places
Where no man marked us. An armed man stood out
From the bright-coloured rabble: he was black
From head to foot, save for the peacock's plumes
That were his crest—then was this wonderland
Storied Baghdad or silken Samarcand?
Kashgar the envied? Yarkand the yak's mart?
Himis of holy men beyond utmost wrack
Of Himalaya? Pride of Jhelum's strand,
Srinagar, happiest hope of every heart?
Oh! but the warrior signed for us to loose
Our shoes, for that the ground whereon we trod
Was holy already from profaner use,
Being the outskirts of the City of God.

II.

Close-ranked, the legions of the spear-bright rain
Roared as they charged; we came incontinent
Within a space: a threshold of twin spires,

Topaz and jade, confront the firmament,
And 'twixt them nestled the babe fane,
Domed with blue canopy, the golden fires
Of stars about it; there we stayed, and there
Put up petitions well and thorough to fare,
Whirls of faint smoke that soared in the thin air.
Lo! suddenly we felt our feet unshod
Bleed with the sharp bliss of the City of God.

III.

Towered above the abyss, the red wall ran
Mightily forth, its crenellated crest
A square-toothed saw, God's luminous azure
Poured through each palpitant embrasure,
Save where, crown over crown, fan over fan,
Dome upon dome, cupola beyond cupola,
Great gland, sun, moon, cross, crescent, breast
And mightier breast and gland and vesica
Heaving with natural and unnatural longing,
Crowding, coalescing, thronging,
Mixing their magic, clouding over all
With pale, pure gold, the spring sun's thrall
Thrilling with ecstasy to burst the blue—
Oh! all our hashish dreams came true
When we beheld the jewel of the city,
Its nine glands coloured like all manner of fruit
And flowers with stripe and trellis, whorl and spire,
Even like all manner of beast and bird that be,
And every gland stood bare, disdaining pity,
Each shaft a column of fire,
And its vibration was a lyre,
And the echo of it a lute,
So that a mighty melody
Shone out thereof, a maze of moons in the gloom,
All inexpressibly dowered with perfume.
And this was molten, this was living stone,
This was the very flesh and blood of God,
Incarnate Christ, the Saviour, hailed alone
Artifex, martyr, the reviving rod
That on itself begat the one true vine

And from its own breast drew the only wine.
And all was rainbow and aurora blended
In fluent colours interchanged and splendid,
Pure water whirled into pure fire and flecked
With miracles of form,
Wheels upon wheels expiring and erect,
Colour and sound in storm,
The heart of God within a frame of blue:—
Our hashish dream come true!

IV.

And all this hung above a mighty river.
Curve after curve, an amphisbæna, wound
About the base of those pale precipices
That cut the clouds, whose curtained eyelids quiver
In their absorb'd gaze into that profound,
The abyss of height confronting the abysses
Of East and North.—Oh! but the fiery fan
Of burning water that made molten love
To the fiery face of the fair fane above,
Whose pure and whose palingenetic plan
Was older than all worlds, than that hot hour
When Christ Ischyros capped the topmost tower
About whose root the royal river ran.

V.

Gold upon gold, dome above dome, faint arrow
Kindling sharp crescent, as the sunrays swept,
Save for one midnight moment when one narrow
Fierce ray, exhaling from no eye that slept
Of God, our God, the sun—gold upon gold,
Frond upon frond, fold upon fold
Of walls like leaves and cupolas like flowers,
And spires and domes that were as fabled fruit
Of the low lands beyond the pillared seas
Of Hercules!
Silver, sharp showers
Swept on the city, and made mighty suit
To the great god whose amorous hours

Were housed in those eternities
Within, where, by the frescoes and the gold,
Musical, manifold,
Carven like lace, by malachite
And porphyry and chrysolite,
Where in their copper cold sarcophagi
Hundreds of emperors lie,
And in their reliquaries bediamonded
Thousands of saints still watch their jewelled bones;
And beneath canopies of precious stones
Invoked archangels, each an armèd host,
Hold ready to defend with glaive and spear
The frontiers of the city, there appear
The emblazoned ensigns of the Holy Ghost
That all invisible pervades the whole,
Being its secret soul.
There, in that sanctuary of silences,
There is a Word,
The Word that built the city, never heard
By any of those archangel phalanxes,
Unuttered even in the holy heart
Of God, or breathed by its own lightning breath,
Since from all being it stands ever apart,
Its name being Life, and that name's echo Death.

VI.

Then was I caught up into rapture—yea!
From heaven to heaven was I swept away.
And all that shadow city past,
And I was in the City of God at last.
This city was alive, athrob, astir,
Shaped as the sacred, secret place of Her
That hath no name on earth, whose whisper we
Catch only in the silence of the sea.
And through it poured a river of sunset blood,
Pulsing its choral and colossal flood
Throughout the city, and lifting it aloft,
Too subtle-strenuous and too siren-soft,
So that the very being of it did swim
Into Herself, bliss to the buoyant brim,
And rose and fell as only rise and fall

The bosoms of those maids ecstatical
Whom Gods caress with giant spasms—
Red orgiastic dawns of the orgasms
Wherein the soul, beneath its own feet trod,
Spends itself in the sanctuary of God!

VII.

And in that heart of hearts was no more I,
No more the heart; but, sobbing through the sky,
Came trembling the more awful beat, the blast
Of a million trumpets blazoning the past,
Heralding the to-be, and on their wings
Whirred incommunicable things.
And in their wake, tremendous and austere,
A form of fear,
Awe in the shape of the Most Holy One,
A globe, an eye, a hawk, a lion, a lord,
A bowl of brilliance, a winged globe, a sword—
All these in one, and one beyond all these,
Mute, ithyphallic, caryatides
Like gods about his car, came crested on
The one true God, the Sun!
Instant, the city swirling to its brim
With Life unthinkable, dissolved in Him.
Instant, explosion shook the bounding night,
Smote it but once, and left but one thing, Light.

Oh, but the scarlet swallows up the blue—
Our hashish dreams come true!

Yeats, Lady Gregory, and Synge

[*This is a chapter in Mr. Moore's book "Vale," which will be published in the Summer.*]

By George Moore

As soon as the applause died away Yeats, who had lately returned to us from the States with a paunch, a huge stride, and an immense fur overcoat, rose to speak. We were surprised at the change in his appearance, and could hardly believe our ears when, instead of talking to us as he used to about the old stories come down from generation to generation, he began to thunder like Ben Tillett himself against the middle classes, stamping his feet, working himself into a great passion, and all because the middle classes did not dip their hands into their pockets and give Lane the money he wanted for his exhibition. It is impossible to imagine the hatred which came into his voice when he spoke the words "the middle classes"; one would have thought that he was speaking against a personal foe; but there are millions in the middle classes! And we looked round asking each other with our eyes where on earth our Willie Yeats had picked up such extraordinary ideas. He could hardly have gathered in the United States so ridiculous an idea that none but titled and carriage-folk can appreciate pictures. And we asked ourselves why Willie Yeats should feel himself called upon to denounce the class to which he himself belonged essentially: on one side excellent mercantile millers and ship-owners, and on the other a portrait painter of rare talent. With so admirable a parentage it did not seem to us necessary that a man should look back for an ancestry, and we had laughed at the story, looking upon it as *ben trovato*, that on one occasion when Yeats was crooning over Æ's fire he had said that if he had his rights he would be Duke of Ormonde, and that Æ had answered, "In any case, Willie, you are overlooking your father,"—a detestable remark to make to a poet in search of an ancestry, and the addition, "Yeats,

we both belong to the lower middle classes," was in equally bad taste. Æ, who is usually quick-witted, should have guessed that Yeats's belief in his lineal descent from the great Duke of Ormonde was part of his poetic equipment. . . . It did not occur to us till this last minute; but Æ knew that there were spoons in the Yeats family bearing the Butler crest, just as there are portraits in my family of Sir Thomas More, and he should have remembered that certain passages in *The Countess Cathleen* are clearly derivative from the spoons. He should have remembered that all the romantic poets have sought illustrious ancestry, and rightly, since romantic poetry is concerned only with nobles and castles, gonfalons and oriflammes. Villiers de l'Isle Adam believed firmly in his descent, and appeared on all public occasions with the Order of Malta pinned upon his coat; and Victor Hugo, too, had inquired out his ancestry in all the archives of Spain and France before sitting down to write *Hernani* . . . and with good reason, for with the disappearance of gonfalons and donjons it may be doubted if—— My meditation was interrupted by Yeats's voice.

"We have sacrificed our lives for Art; but you, what have you done? What sacrifices have you made?" he asked, and everybody began to search his memory for the sacrifices that Yeats had made, asking himself in what prison Yeats had languished, what rags he had worn, what broken victuals he had eaten. As far as anybody could remember, he had always lived very comfortably, sitting down invariably to regular meals, and the old green cloak that was in keeping with his profession of romantic poet he had exchanged for the magnificent fur coat which distracted our attention from what he was saying, so opulently did it cover the back of the chair out of which he had risen. But quite forgetful of the coat behind him, he continued to denounce the middle classes, throwing his arms into the air, shouting at us, and we thinking not at all of what he was saying, but of a story that had been floating about Dublin for some time. A visitor had come back from Coole telling how he had discovered the poet lying on a sofa in a shady corner, a plate of strawberries on his knee, and three or four adoring ladies serving him with cream and sugar, and how the poet, after wiping his

hands on a napkin, had consented to recite some verses, and the verses he recited were these:—

> I said, "A line will take us hours maybe,
> Yet if it does not seem a moment's thought,
> Our stitching and unstitching has been naught.
> Better go down upon your marrow-bones
> And scrub a kitchen pavement, or break stones
> Like an old pauper in all kinds of weather;
> For to articulate sweet sounds together
> Is to work harder than all these and yet
> Be thought an idler by the noisy set
> Of bankers, schoolmasters and clergymen,
> The martyrs call the world."

The poet advanced a step or two nearer to the edge of the platform, and stamping his foot he asked again what the middle classes had done for Art, and in a towering rage (the phrase is no mere figure of speech, for he raised himself up to tremendous height) he called upon the ladies and gentlemen that had come to hear my lecture to put their hands in their pockets and give sovereigns to the stewards who were waiting at the doors to receive them, or, better still, to write large cheques. We were led to understand that by virtue of our subscriptions we should cease to belong to the middle classes, and having held out this hope to us he retired to his chair and fell back overcome into the middle of the great fur coat, and remained silent until the end of the debate.

As soon as it was over criticism began, not of my lecture, but of Yeats's speech, and on Saturday night all my friends turned in to discuss his contention that the middle classes had never done anything for Art; the very opposite seemed to Æ to be the truth. He pointed out that the aristocracy had given England no great poet except Byron, whom many people did not look upon as a poet at all, and though Shelley's poetry was unquestionable, he could hardly be considered as belonging to the aristocracy, his father having been merely a Sussex baronet. All the other poets, it was urged, came from the middle classes, not only the poets, but the painters, the musicians, and the sculptors. "Yeats's attack upon the middle classes," somebody cried, "is the most absurd that was ever made; the aristocracy have Byron, and the peasants have Burns, all the others belong

to us." Somebody chimed in, "Not even the landowners have produced a poet," and he was answered that Landor was a considerable landed proprietor. But he was the only one. Not a single painter came out of the aristocracy; Lord Carlyle's name was mentioned, everybody laughed, and I said that the distinction of classes was purely an arbitrary one. It was agreed that if riches can poison inspiration, poverty is a stimulant, and then leaning out of his corner Æ remarked that Willie Yeats's best poems were written when he was a poor boy in Sligo, a remark that fanned the flame of discussion, and the difficult question was broached why Yeats had ceased to write poetry. All his best poems, Æ said, were written before he went to London. Apart from the genius which he brought into the world, it was Sligo that had given his poetry a character. Everybody knew some of his verses by heart, and I took pleasure in listening to them again. The calves basking on the hillside were mentioned, the colleen going to church. "But," somebody cried out suddenly, "he took his colleen to London and put paint upon her cheeks and dye upon her hair, and sent her up Piccadilly." Another critic added that the last time he saw her she was wearing a fine hat and feathers, "Supplied by Arthur Symons," cried another. "As sterile a little wanton as ever I set eyes upon," exclaimed still another critic, "who lives in remembrance of her beauty, saying nothing." And the silences that Yeats's colleen had observed these many years were regretted, somewhat hypocritically I think, for, as Æ says, a literary movement consists of five or six people who live in the same town and hate each other cordially. But if we were not really sorry that Yeats's inspiration was declining, we were quite genuinely interested to discover the cause of it. Æ was certain that he would have written volume after volume if he had never sought a style, if he had been content to write simply; and all his utterances on the subject of style were repeated.

"He came this afternoon into the National Library," John Eglinton said, breaking silence, "and he told me he was collecting his writings for a complete edition, a library edition in ten or twelve volumes."

"But he is only thirty-seven."

"He said his day was done," John Eglinton answered,

. . . "and in speaking of the style of his last essay, he said: 'Ah, that style! I made it myself.'"

"But," Longworth argued, "I fail to understand how anybody can speak of a style until he has written a certain work in that style. A style does not exist in one's head, it exists upon paper, and Yeats has no style, neither bad nor good, for he writes no more."

Æ thought that Yeats had discovered a style, and a very fine style indeed, and compared it to a suit of livery which a man buys before he engages a servant; the livery is made of the finest cloth, the gold lace is the very finest, the cockade can be seen from one side of the street to the other, but when the footman comes he is always too tall or too thin or too fat, so the livery is never worn.

"Excellent!" cried Gogarty, "and the livery hangs in a press upstairs, becoming gradually moth-eaten."

Æ regretted the variants; he knew them all and preferred the earlier text in every case, and when literary criticism was over we turned to the poet's own life to discover why it was that he sang no more songs for us. We had often heard him say that his poems had arisen out of one great passion, and this interesting avowal raised the no less interesting question—which produces the finer fruit, the gratified or the ungratified passion? It was clearly my turn to speak, and I told how Wesendonck had built for Wagner a pavilion at the end of his garden so that Wagner might compose the *Valkyrie*, and how at the end of every day when Wagner had finished his work, Mathilde used to come down the lawn to visit him, inspiring by degrees a great passion in him, but which, out of loyalty to Wesendonck, they resisted until the fatal day when he read her the poem of *Tristan and Isolde*. After the reading they had stood looking at each other; the poem was a magic draught. "I am Tristan, thou art Isolde." But it was not many days before Minna, Wagner's wife, intercepted a letter which she took to Madame Wesendonck, and the interview between the two women was so violent that Wagner had to send his wife to Dresden, and himself retired to Venice to meditate on suicide and his setting of some verses of the well-beloved.

"Regret nothing," he writes from Venice, "I beseech you regret nothing. Your kisses were the crown of my life.

my recompense for many years of suffering. Regret nothing, I beseech you, regret nothing."

Minna had no doubt as to Richard's guilt, nor have we, but the translator of the letters, Mr. Ashton Ellis, and others, have preferred to regard this passion as ungratified, and it is evident that they think that the truth is not worth seeking since the drama and the music and the letters cannot now be affected thereby. "For better or worse you have the music, you have the drama, you have the correspondence," they declare. "What can it matter to you whether an act purely physical happened, or failed to happen?" "Everything," I answer, "for thereof I learn whether Wagner wrote out of a realised or an unrealised desire."

As we sat round the fire I broke silence again:

"Love that has *not* been born again in the flesh crumbles like peat ash."

And then John Eglinton's voice broke in:

"Every man is different," and he reproached me with arguing for myself.

"The love we are considering has lasted for many years and will continue, and I know for certain that it has always been a pure love."

"A detestable phrase, Æ, for it implies that every gratified love must be impure. None except the lovers themselves know the truth."

And from that day onwards I continued to meditate the main secret of Yeats's life, until one day we happened to meet at Broadstone Station. We were going to the West; we breakfasted together in the train, and after breakfast the conversation took many turns, and we talked of her whom he had loved always, the passionate ideal of his life, and why this ideal had never become a reality to him as Mathilde had become to Richard. Was it really so? was my pressing question, and he answered me:

"I was very young at the time and was satisfied with. . . ." My memory fails me, or perhaps the phrase was never finished. The words I supply, "the spirit of sense," are merely conjectural.

"Yes, I understand, the common mistake of a boy"; and I was sorry for Yeats and for his inspiration which did not seem to have survived his youth, because it had arisen out of an ungratified desire. Hyacinths grown in a vase

only bloom for a season. But if it had been otherwise? On such questions one may meditate a long while, and it was not until the train ran into Westport that I remembered my prediction when Symons had shown me *Rosa Alchemica.*

"His inspiration," I had said, "is at an end, for he talks about how he is going to write." I had told Symons that I had noticed all through my life that a man may tell the subject of his poem and write it, but if he tell how he is going to write his poem he will never write it. Mallarmé projected hundreds of poems, and, like Yeats, Mallarmé was always talking about style. The word never came into Mallarmé's conversation, but, like Yeats, his belief was that the poet should have a language of his own. "Every other art," I remember him saying, "has a special language —sculpture, music, painting; why shouldn't the poet have his?" He set himself to the task of inventing a language, but it was such a difficult one that it left him very little time for writing; we have but twenty sonnets and *L'après-midi d'un Faune* written in it. *Son œuvre* calls to mind a *bibelot*, a carven nick-nack, wrought ivory, or jade, or bronze, and like bronze it will acquire a patina. His phrases will never grow old, for they tell us nothing, and the secret meaning is so deeply embedded that generations will try to puzzle through them, and in the volume entitled *The Wind among the Reeds* Yeats has written a sonnet so difficult that even the adepts could not discover whether it referred to a woman, a city, or a sailing-ship. Æ inclined to the opinion that it was on the House of Lords, and the poet, being written to from Ely Place, replied that the subject of his sonnet was Coole Park. Mallarmé could not be darker than this. But whereas to write a language apart was Mallarmé's sole æstheticism and one which he never abandoned after the publication of *L'après-midi d'un Faune*, Yeats advocated two languages, one which he employs himself, another which he would use if he could, but being unable to use it he counsels its use to others, and has put up a sign-post, "This way to Parnassus." It is amusing to think of Mallarmé and Yeats together; they would have got on famously until Yeats began to tell Mallarmé that the poet would learn the language he required in Le Berry. Mallarmé was a subtle mind, and he would have thought

the idea ingenious that a language is like a spring which rises in the highlands, trickles into a rivulet, and flows into a river, and needs no filter until the river has passed through a town; he would have listened to these theories with interest, but Yeats would not have been able to persuade him to set out for Le Berry, and the journey would have been useless if he had, for Mallarmé had no ear for folk, less than Yeats himself, who has only half an ear; an exquisite ear for the beauty of folk imagination, and very little for folk idiom. Are not the ways of Nature strange? for he loves folk idiom as none has ever loved it, and few have had better opportunities of learning it than he along his uncle's wharves in Sligo Town and among the slopes of Ben Bulben, whither he went daily, interested in birds and beasts and the stories that the folk tell. As pretty a nosegay as ever was gathered he tied on those slopes; there is no prettier book of literature than *Celtic Twilight*, and one of the tales, "The Last Gleeman," must have put into Yeats's mind the idea that he has followed ever since, that the Irish people write very well when they are not trying to write that worn-out and defaced idiom which educated people speak and write, and which is known as English. And it is Yeats's belief that those amongst us who refuse to write it are forced back upon artificial speech which they create, and which is often very beautiful; the beauty of Meredith's speech, or Pater's, or Morris's, cannot be denied, but their speech, Yeats would say, lacks naturalness; it is not living speech, that is how he would phrase it, and his thoughts would go back to Michael Moran, the last of the Gleemen, who, he thinks, was more fortunate than the three great writers mentioned, for Michael wrote (it would be more correct to say he composed, for it is doubtful if he knew how to write) living speech—*i.e.*, a speech that has never been printed. Yeats's whole æstheticism is expressed in these words: "A speech that has never been printed." It is printing that makes speech ugly, that is Yeats's belief, and the peasant is the only one who can give us unblunted speech. But is it not true that peasant speech limits the range of our ideas? The dropping of ideas out of literature would be a pure benefit, Yeats would say. Modern literature is dying of ideas. The literature that has come down to us is free from ideas.

Ideas are the portion of vestrymen. But peasant speech is only adapted to dialogue. He might answer with Landor that *Shakespeare* and the best parts of *Homer* were written in dialogue, and it would be heartless to reply, "But not the best part of your own works, Yeats. Your mind is as subtle as a Brahmin's, woven along and across with ideas, and you cannot catch the idiom as it flows off the lips. You are like Moses, who may not enter the Promised Land." He would not care to answer, "Even if what you say be true, you must admit that I have led some others there"; he would fold himself up like a pelican and dream of his disciples. He was dreaming of them before he had collected any, when I met him in the "Cheshire Cheese"; he was ever looking for disciples, and sought them in vain till he met Lady Gregory. It was a great day for Ireland the day that she came over to Tillyra. Here I must break off my narrative to give a more explicit account of Lady Gregory than the reader will find in *Ave*.

Lady Gregory is a Persse, and the Persses are an ancient Galway family; the best-known branch is Moyaude, for it was at Moyaude that Burton Persse bred and hunted the Galway Blazers for over thirty years . . . till his death. Moyaude has passed away, but Roxborough continues, never having indulged in either horses or hounds, a worthy but undistinguished family in love, in war, or in politics, never having indulged in anything except a taste for Bible reading in cottages. A staunch Protestant family, if nothing else, the Roxborough Persses certainly are. Mrs. Shaw Taylor is Lady Gregory's sister, and both were ardent soul-gatherers in the days gone by; but Augusta abandoned missionary work when she married, and we like to think of Sir William saying to his bride, as he brought her home in the carriage to Coole, "Augusta, if you have made no converts, you have at least shaken the faith of thousands. The ground at Roxborough has been cleared for the sowing, but Kiltartan can wait." And the bride may have agreed to accept her husband's authority, for had she not promised to love, honour, and obey? However this may be, the Gospels were not read by Lady Gregory round Kiltartan. I should like to fill in a page or two about her married life, but though we know our neighbours very well in one direction, in another there is nothing that we know less than

our neighbours, and Lady Gregory has never been for me a very real person. I imagine her without a mother, or father, or sisters, or brothers, *sans attache*. It is difficult to believe, but it is nevertheless true, that fearing a too flagrant mistake, I had to ask a friend the other day if I were right in supposing that Mrs. Shaw Taylor was Lady Gregory's sister, an absurd question truly, for Mrs. Shaw Taylor's house (I have forgotten its name) is within a mile of Tillyra, and I must have been there many times. We may cultivate our memories in one direction, but by so doing we curtail them in another, and documentary evidence is not of my style. I like to write of Lady Gregory from the evening that Edward drove me over to Coole, the night of the dinner-party. There is in *Ave* a portrait of her as I saw her that night, a slim young woman of medium height and slight figure; her hair, parted in the middle, was brushed in wide bands about a brow which even at that time was intellectual. The phrase used in *Ave*, if my memory does not deceive me, was "high and cultured"; I think I said that she wore a high-school air, and the phrase expresses the idea she conveyed to me—an air of mixed timidity and restrained anxiety to say or do nothing that would jar. On the whole it was pleasant to pass from her to Sir William, who was more at his ease, more natural. He spoke to me affably about a Velasquez in the National Gallery, which was not a Velasquez; it is now set down as a Zurbaran, but the last attribution does not convince me any more than the first. He wore the Lord Palmerston air, it was the air of that generation, but he did not wear it nearly so well as my father.

These two men were of the same generation and their interests were the same; both were travelled men; Sir William's travels were not so original as my father's, and the race-horses that he kept were not so fast, and his politics were not so definite; he was more of an opportunist than my father, more careful and cautious, and therefore less interesting. Galway has not produced so many interesting men as Mayo; its pastures are richer, but its men are thinner in intellect. But if we are considering Lady Gregory's rise in the world, we must admit that she owes a great deal to her husband. He took her to London, and she enjoyed at least one season in a tall house in the little

enclosure known as St. George's Place; and there met a number of eminent men whose books and conversation were in harmony with her conception of life, still somewhat formal. One afternoon Lecky the historian left her drawing-room as I entered it, and I remember the look of pleasure on her face when she mentioned the name of her visitor, and her pleasure did not end with Lecky, for a few minutes after Edwin Arnold, the poet of *The Light of Asia*, was announced. She would like to have had him all to herself, and I think that she thought my conversation a little ill-advised when I spoke to Sir Edwin of a book lately published on the subject of Buddhism, and asked him what book was the best to read on this subject. He did not answer my question directly, but very soon he was telling Lady Gregory that he had just received a letter from India from a distinguished Buddhist who had read *The Light of Asia* and could find no fault in it; the Buddhist doctrine as related by him had been related faultlessly. And with this little anecdote Sir Edwin thought my question sufficiently answered. The conversation turned on the coloured races, and I remember Sir Edwin's words: "The world will not be perfect," he said, "until we get the black notes into the gamut." A pretty bit of telegraphese which pleased Lady Gregory; and when Sir Edwin rose to go she produced a fan and asked him to write his name upon one of the sticks. But she did not ask me to write my name, though at that time I had written not only *A Modern Lover*, but also *A Mummer's Wife*, and I left the house feeling for the first time that the world I lived in was not so profound as I had imagined it to be. If I remember the circumstances quite rightly, Sir William came into the room just as I was leaving it, and she showed him the fan; he looked a little distressed at her want of tact, and it was some years afterwards that I heard, and not without surprise, that she had shown some literary ability in the editing of his *Memoirs*. The publication of these *Memoirs* was a great day for Roxborough, and a great day for Ireland it was when she drove over to Tillyra.

I was not present at the time, but from Edward's account of the meeting she seems to have recognised her need in Yeats at once, foreseeing, dimly, of course, but foreseeing that he would help her out of conventions and prejudices,

and give her wings to soar in the free air of ideas and instincts. She was manifestly captured by his genius, and seemed to dread that the inspiration the hills of Sligo had nourished might wither in the Temple where he used to spend long months with his friend Arthur Symons. He had finished all his best work at the time, the work whereby he will live; *The Countess Cathleen* had not long been written, and he was dreaming the poem of *The Shadowy Waters*, and where could he dream more fortunately than by the lake at Coole? The wild swans gather here, and every summer he returned to Coole to write *The Shadowy Waters*, writing under her tutelage and she serving him as amanuensis, collecting the different versions, &c.

So much of the literary history of this time was written in *Ave*, but what has not been written, or only hinted at, is the interdependence of these two minds. It was he, no doubt, who suggested to her the writing of the Cuchulain legends. It must have been so, for he had long been dreaming an epic poem to be called *Cuchulain*; but feeling himself unable for so long a task, he entrusted it to Lady Gregory, and led her from cabin to cabin in search of a style, and they returned to Coole ruminating the beautiful language of the peasants and the masterpiece quickening in it, Yeats a little sad, but by no means envious towards Lady Gregory, and sad, if at all, that his own stories in the volume entitled *The Secret Rose* were not written in living speech. It is pleasant to think that, as he opened the park gates for her to pass through, the thought glided into his mind that perhaps in some subsequent edition she might help him with the translation. But the moment was for the consideration of a difficulty that had arisen suddenly. The legends of Cuchulain are written in a very remote language, bearing little likeness to the modern Irish which Lady Gregory had learnt in common with everybody connected with the Irish Literary Movement, Yeats and myself excepted. A dictionary of the ancient language exists, and it is easy to look out a word; but a knowledge of early or middle Irish is only obtained gradually after years of study; Lady Gregory confesses herself in her preface to be no scholar, and that she pieced together her text from various French and German translations. This method recommends itself to Yeats, who says in his preface that

by collating the various versions of the same tale and taking the best bits out of each, the stories are now told perfectly for the first time, a singular view for a critic of Yeats's understanding to hold, a strange theory to advocate, the strangest, we do not hesitate to say, that has ever been put forward by so distinguished a poet and critic as Yeats. He was a severer critic the day that he threw out Edward's play with so much indignity in Tillyra. He was then a monk of literature, an inquisitor, a Torquemada, but in this preface he bows to Lady Gregory's taste as if she were the tale-teller that the world had been waiting for, one whose art exceeded that of Balzac or Turgenev, for neither would have claimed the right to refashion the old legends in accordance with his own taste or the taste of his neighbourhood. "I left out a good deal," Lady Gregory writes in her preface, "I thought you would not care about." The "you" refers to the people of Kiltartan, to whom Lady Gregory dedicates her book. It seems to me that Balzac and Turgenev would have taken a different view as to the duty of a modern writer to the old legends; both would have said, "It is never justifiable to alter a legend; it has come down to us because it contains some precious message, and the message the legend carries will be lost or worsened if the story be altered or mutilated or deformed." "And who am I," Balzac would have said, "that I should alter a message that has come down from a far-off time, a message often enfolded in the tale so secretly that it is all things to all men? My province," he would have said, "is not to alter the story, but to interpret it," and we have not to listen very intently to hear him say, "Not only I may, I must interpret." There can be little doubt that Yeats is often injudicious in his noble preface, and he exposes Lady Gregory to criticism when he depreciates the translation from which Lady Gregory said she worked. She might have written "which I quote," for she follows Kuno Meyer's translation of the *Wooing of Emer* sentence by sentence, and it is our puzzle to discover how Kuno Meyer's English is worthless when he signs it, and beautiful when Lady Gregory quotes it. "A clear case of literary transubstantiation," I said, speaking of the miracle to a friend who happened to be a Roman Catholic, and she gave me the definition of the catechism; the substance is the same, but

the incident is different. Or it may have been that the incident is the same and the substance is different; one cannot ever be sure that one remembers theology correctly. A little examination, however, of Lady Gregory's text enabled us to dismiss the theological aspect as untenable. Here and there we find she has altered the words; Kuno Meyer's title is *The Wooing of Emer*, Lady Gregory has changed it to *The Courting of Emer* (she is writing living speech); and if Kuno Meyer wrote that Emer received Cuchulain in her bower, Lady Gregory, for the same reason, would certainly change it to she asked him into her "parlour." The word "lawn" in the sentence "and as the young girls were sitting together on their bench on the lawn they heard coming towards them a clattering of hooves, the creaking of a chariot, the grating of wheels," belongs to Lady Gregory; of that I am so sure that it would be needless for me to refer to Kuno Meyer's version of the legend.

(To be continued.)

Fallen Angels

By Leonid Andreef

Translated by S. Hoffmann.

I.

In Heaven one day the Almighty summoned from among their shining ranks one of His snow-white angels and said:

"Put your ear to the Earth and listen. Tell Me if you hear anything."

For a long time the angel listened.

At last he said: "I hear a sound like weeping. The Earth is crying.

"I hear wailing and screams and children's sobs. The Earth is suffering.

"I hear sneers, shrieks of rage, foul cries of lust and the mutter of murderers. The Earth is steeped in sin. Woe is them that live in it."

The Almighty mused:

"Many of My White Ones have I sent to the Earth, but none hitherto has returned to Me. While I wait and grieve for their absence, the Earth still continues to cry and the splendour of My starlight nights grows dim because of it."

"I pity you, My beloved," said the Father, addressing His radiant minister, "but you too must go. Descend to the Earth; become a man and learn what it is that mankind needs.

"Take care to avoid the babblers, but pass not by him who keeps silence. Him you must not leave until he has spoken, and each word of his you must preserve as it were a pearl.

"Romp with happy children, but forget not that there are others—whose faces are sad and wan, whose eyes are large and shadowed, who neither laugh nor play, nor ever know the carelessness of childhood. Their sadness

affrights God Himself. On them you must lavish all your angelic-love and gentleness.

"Here, My son, I shall be waiting to greet you on your return. The dimmed stars shall grow brighter because of the hope I place on you."

The angel knelt in his glistening robes and gleaming pinions to receive the benediction of the Most High; then swift in his obedience, swooped down towards the strange and sorrow-stricken Earth.

That night thunder and tempest raged over the Earth, and thousands of people perished beneath ruined houses and in the depths of the ocean. And lightning flashed from the heavens.

II.

In due time the angel messenger appeared again before the Father, and stood humbly in his snow-white raiment waiting to be questioned. The Lord God was exceeding glad to see this, the first of His beloved envoys to return from Earth. At His command a glorious corona of new stars spanned the heavens to announce His joy. Most of all was He pleased to notice the unsullied whiteness of the returned angel's garments.

"You come back worthy indeed of your bright compeers," said the Father, glancing at the radiant throng about His throne. "But tell me, beloved messenger, is there no mire on Earth? Your clothes show not the smallest speck."

"Indeed, Lord, there is much mire," answered the angel, "but I took care to avoid it, and thus have I returned to Your Presence as pure as I went forth."

God's brows were drawn together as He asked doubtfully: "Have they ceased, then, to shed blood on the Earth? No stain is on your garments. They are as white as snow."

"Blood still flows red on Earth," came the reply, "but I did not go near where it was shed, and that is how I am unstained."

"I soon saw it was impossible," continued this angel, "to mingle with men and not to be muddied or splashed with blood, so instead of alighting on the Earth, I kept

on the wing a little distance above it. From there I scattered celestial smiles, wise warnings, and serene censure."

The Most High was troubled.

"It is very difficult to learn the wants of mankind by that method; but perhaps you got to know them in your own way?"

"I told men exactly how to live so as to avoid bloodshed and tears and dirt and degradation; but they did not seem to attend properly. They even now continue to wallow in their mire like beasts. In my opinion there is nothing to be done but to destroy them all."

"You think so?"

"Yes, Father, there seems to be no other way. The worst of their vileness is that not only do men curse and moan night and day, and call upon the name of the Evil One as readily as they call upon the name of God; not only do they wallow in their blood and filth, but—appalling, revolting, and intolerable iniquity—they have spoiled almost beyond recognition those bright angels You sent before me. Their white wings men have dabbled with filth, their golden hair men have sprinkled with blood; they have made them even like themselves, participators in their sin, misery, and crime."

"Have you seen those sons of Mine?"

"Alas, Father, I have seen them. Not that I could speak with them; the only thing to do was to pretend not to know them. Many of them were far from sober; using language the reverse of holy, and behaving in a fashion quite indefensible."

"Where did you see them, My son?"

"I hesitate to tell you, Father. Since You wish to know, I have set eyes on them in taverns, in prisons, consorting with thieves and murderers; among publicans, journalists, and all sorts of sinners. I cannot think what had happened to their clothes. They were rumpled and torn, and the sheen of them quite obliterated. They were patched, in pathetic attempts evidently at tidiness, with cloth of all colours, even of crimson.

"Yet, from what I have heard of their talk, I think that they long for Heaven and are eager to recite in Your ears, Father, the wants of mankind; but they fear to return in their present conditions.

"Once, I observed a vagabond in a drunken sleep by the roadside. I recognised in him a renegade from Heaven; one whom You had sent in all confidence. He was delirious and gabbling impiously in his dreams. This is what I gathered from his incoherent utterance: 'I am miserable away from Heaven, but I do not wish to be an angel among men. I do not want white raiment nor wings.' Those were his words, Father: 'I do not want wings!'"

III.

So ended the returned angel's speech, and he stood, smoothing out his snow-white feathers, waiting to be commended for his purity and prudence. But the Almighty spoke no praise. With divine scorn He pronounced upon the sleek, unspotted angel an eternal and inviolable doom.

When the thunders of His voice had died away and the lightnings from His glance ceased to flash, the Most High spoke again, but in gentler tones:

"Depart from here, and do not return until you have lived as a man and have tasted his sorrows and joys. Remember, beloved one, that white clothes are obligatory upon those only who have never left the Heavenly precincts, but for those who have been to Earth, raiment such as yours is a garb of shame.

"You did your best, I perceive, to conserve your own purity, but cared little for mankind, on whose behalf I sent you. For that offence My anger is so great against you, that I feel once more the thunders beginning to roll within Me.

"Go, and when you meet on Earth those of My Flock whom I sent before you, who fear now to return, give them this message in My Name: 'Have no fear, but return to Heaven. Your Father loves and is waiting for you.'"

A bitter, almost malignant, smile played around the doomed angel's lips, but in a humble posture and casting down his eyes, he answered:

"I have told them that already, Father, but they refuse."

"What do they refuse?"

"To return to Heaven."

"Do they fear for their ill appearance? Tell them that new clothes will be given to them."

"No, they refuse upon any terms. They say thus, Father: 'Supposing we return to Heaven and put on new white apparel, what will become of those who are left behind? If we go, all of us must go; we refuse to go alone.'"

The Almighty answered not at once, but His brows were bent in thought. At last he spoke:

"So that is what the Earth is like. I understand now the impotence of My many ambassadors. The thought occurs to me: Should I descend to Earth myself?"

"They call for You," answered the angel eagerly. "They have been waiting for You for long ages. But if You descend to Earth—forgive my presumption, Father—You will never again return to Heaven."

"But what will become of My Heaven?" exclaimed the Almighty. "It will be empty."

"They say that Your Heaven will then be on Earth and that neither for You nor for them who now suffer so greatly will there be need of another heaven.

"Thus they have told me, and I now see that they are right. Farewell, Father—for ever!"

With these words the angel spread his pinions and shot downwards and became for ever lost among the tears and blood of Earth.

Heaven remained mute, as if a heavy thought brooded over it. Its bright denizens gazed intently down upon Earth; so tiny, so strange, and so invincible in its sadness.

The new festal stars had burned dim and red. In their faint light the Great Throne seemed already empty and deserted.

The World Set Free

A Story of Mankind

By H. G. Wells

CHAPTER THE FIRST

The New Source of Energy

§ 4.

There was a certain truth in Holsten's assertion that the law was "hundreds of years old." It was, in relation to current thought and widely accepted ideas, an archaic thing. While almost all the material and methods of life had been changing rapidly and were now changing still more rapidly, the law courts and the legislatures of the world were struggling desperately to meet modern demands with devices and procedures, conceptions of rights and property and authority and obligation that dated from the rude compromises of relatively barbaric times. The horsehair wigs and antic dresses of the British judges, their musty courts and overbearing manners, were indeed only the outward and visible intimations of profounder anachronisms. The legal and political organisation of the earth in the middle twentieth century was indeed everywhere like a complicated garment, outworn yet strong, that now fettered the governing body that once it had protected.

Yet that same spirit of free-thinking and outspoken publication that in the field of natural science had been the beginning of the conquest of nature, was at work throughout all the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries preparing the spirit of the new world within the degenerating body of the old. The idea of a greater subordination of individual interests and established institutions to the collective future is traceable more and more clearly in the literature of those times, and movement after movement

fretted itself away in criticism of, and opposition to, first this aspect and then that of the legal, social, and political order. Already in the early nineteenth century Shelley, with no scrap of alternative, is denouncing the established rulers of the world as Anarchs, and the entire system of ideas and suggestions that was known as Socialism, and more particularly its international side, feeble as it was in creative proposals or any method of transition, still witnesses to the growth of a conception of a modernised system of inter-relationships that should supplant the existing tangle of proprietary legal ideas.

The word "Sociology" was invented by Herbert Spencer, a popular writer upon philosophical subjects who flourished about the middle of the nineteenth century; but the idea of a state, planned as an electric traction system is planned, without reference to pre-existing apparatus, upon scientific lines, did not take a very strong hold upon the popular imagination of the world until the twentieth century. Then, the growing impatience of the American people with the monstrous and socially paralysing party systems that had sprung out of their absurd electoral arrangements, led to the appearance of what came to be called the "Modern State" movement, and a galaxy of brilliant writers, in America, Europe, and the East, stirred up the world to the thought of bolder rearrangements of social interaction, property, employment, education, and government, than had ever been contemplated before. No doubt these Modern State ideas were very largely the reflection upon social and political thought of the vast revolution in material things that had been in progress for two hundred years, but for a long time they seemed to be having no more influence upon existing institutions than the writings of Rousseau and Voltaire seemed to have had at the time of the death of the latter. They were fermenting in men's minds, and it needed only just such social and political stresses as the coming of the atomic mechanisms brought about to thrust them forward abruptly into crude and startling realisation.

§ 5.

Frederick Barnet's Wander Jahre is one of those autobiographical novels that were popular throughout the third

and fourth decades of the twentieth century. It was published in 1970, and one must understand Wander Jahre rather in a spiritual and intellectual than in a literal sense. It is, indeed, an allusive title, carrying the world back to the *Wilhelm Meister* of Goethe, a century and a half earlier.

Its author, Frederick Barnet, gives a minute and curious history of his life and ideas between his nineteenth and his twenty-third birthdays. He was neither a very original nor a very brilliant man, but he had a trick of circumstantial writing; and though no authentic portrait was to survive for the information of posterity, he betrays by a score of casual phrases that he was short, sturdy, inclined to be plump, with a "rather blobby" face, and full, rather projecting blue eyes. He belonged until the financial *débâcle* of 1956 to the class of fairly prosperous people, he was a student in London, he aeroplaned to Italy and then had a pedestrian tour from Genoa to Rome, crossed in the air to Greece and Egypt, and came back over the Balkans and Germany. His family fortunes, which were largely invested in bank shares, coal mines and house property, were destroyed. Reduced to penury, he sought to earn a living. He suffered great hardship, and was then caught up by the war and had a year of soldiering, first as an officer in the English infantry, and then in the army of pacification. His book tells all these things so simply and at the same time so explicitly that it remains, as it were, an eye by which future generations may have at least one man's vision of the years of the Great Change.

And he was, he tells us, a "Modern State" man, "by instinct" from the beginning. He breathed in these ideas in the class-rooms and laboratories of the Carnegie Foundation school that rose, a long and delicately beautiful façade along the South Bank of the Thames opposite the ancient dignity of Somerset House. Such thought was interwoven with the very fabric of that pioneer school in the educational renascence in England. After the customary exchange years in Heidelberg and Paris, he went into the classical school of London University. The older so-called "classical" education of the British pedagogues, probably the most paralysing, ineffective, and foolish routine that ever wasted human life, had already been swept out of this great institution in favour of modern methods; and he

learnt Greek and Latin as well as he had learnt German, Spanish, and French, so that he wrote and spoke them freely and used them with an unconscious ease in his study of the foundation civilisations of the European system to which they were the key. (This change was still so recent that he mentions an encounter in Rome with an "Oxford don" who "spoke Latin with a Wiltshire accent and manifest discomfort, wrote Greek letters with his tongue out, and seemed to think a Greek sentence a charm when it was a quotation and an impropriety when it wasn't.")

Barnet saw the last days of the coal-steam engines upon the English railways and the gradual cleansing of the London atmosphere as the smoke-creating sea-coal fires gave place to electric heating. The building of laboratories at Kensington was still in progress and he took part in the students' riots that delayed the removal of the Albert Memorial. He carried a banner with "We like Funny Statuary" on one side and on the other "Seats and Canopies for Statues. Why should our Great Departed Stand in the Rain?" He learnt the rather athletic aviation of those days at the University grounds at Sydenham, and he was fined for flying over the new prison for political libellers at Wormwood Scrubs, "in a manner calculated to exhilarate the prisoners while at exercise." That was the time of the attempted suppression of any criticism of the public judicature, and the place was crowded with journalists who had ventured to call attention to the dementia of Chief Justice Abrahams. Barnet was not a very good aviator, he confesses he was always a little afraid of his machine—there was excellent reason for everyone to be afraid of those clumsy early types—and he never attempted steep descents or very high flying. He also, he records, owned one of those oil-driven motor bicycles whose clumsy complexity and extravagant filthiness still astonish the visitors to the museum of machinery at South Kensington. He mentions running over a dog, and complains of the ruinous price of "spatchcocks" in Surrey. "Spatchcocks," it seems, was a slang term for crushed hens.

He passed the examinations necessary to reduce his military service to a minimum, and his want of any special scientific or technical qualification and a certain precocious corpulence that handicapped his aviation indicated the

infantry of the line as his sphere of training. That was the most generalised form of soldiering. The development of the theory of war had been for some decades but little assisted by any practical experience. What fighting had occurred in recent years had been fighting in minor or uncivilised states, with peasant or barbaric soldiers and with but a small equipment of modern contrivances, and the great powers of the world were content for the most part to maintain armies that sustained in their broader organisation the traditions of the European wars of thirty or forty years before. There was the infantry arm to which Barnet belonged, and which was supposed to fight on foot with the rifle and be the main portion of the army. There were cavalry forces (horse soldiers), having a ratio to the infantry that had been determined by the experiences of the Franco-German war in 1871. There was also artillery, and for some unexplained reason much of this was still drawn by horses; though there were also in all the European armies a small number of motor-guns with wheels so constructed that they could go over broken ground. In addition there were large developments of the engineering arm, concerned with motor transport, motor-bicycle scouting, aviation, and the like.

No first-class intelligence had been sought to specialise in and work out the problems of warfare with the new appliances and under modern conditions, but a succession of able jurists, Lord Haldane, Chief Justice Briggs, and that very able King's Counsel Philbrick, had reconstructed the Army frequently and thoroughly and placed it at last, with the adoption of national service, upon a footing that would have seemed very imposing to the public of 1900. At any moment the British Empire could now put a million and a quarter of arguable soldiers upon the board of Welt-Politik. The traditions of Japan and the Central European armies were more princely and less forensic, the Chinese still refused resolutely to become a military Power and maintained a small standing army upon the American model that was said, so far as it went, to be highly efficient, and Russia, secured by a stringent administration against internal criticism, had scarcely altered the design of a uniform or the organisation of a battery since the opening decades of the century. Barnet's opinion of his military

training was manifestly a poor one, his Modern State ideas disposed him to regard it as a bore and his common sense condemned it as useless. Moreover, his habit of body made him peculiarly sensitive to the fatigues and hardships of service.

"For three days in succession we turned out before dawn and—for no earthly reason—without breakfast," he relates. "I suppose that is to show us that when the Day comes the first thing will be to get us thoroughly uncomfortable and rotten. We then proceeded to Kriegspiel according to the mysterious ideas of those in authority over us. On the last day we spent three hours under a hot, if early, sun getting over eight miles of country to a point we could have reached in a motor omnibus in nine minutes and a half,—I did it the next day in that—and then we made a massed attack upon entrenchments that could have shot us all about three times over if only the umpires had let them. Then came a little bayonet exercise, but I doubt if I am sufficiently a barbarian to stick this long knife into anything living. Anyhow, in this battle I shouldn't have had a chance. Assuming that by some miracle I hadn't been shot three times over, I was far too hot and blown when I got up to the entrenchments even to lift my beastly rifle. It was those others would have begun the sticking. . . .

"For a time we were watched by two hostile aeroplanes; then our own came up and asked them not to, and—the practice of aerial warfare still being unknown—they very politely desisted and went away and did dives and circles of the most charming description over the Fox Hills."

All Barnet's accounts of his military training were written in the same half-contemptuous, half-protesting tone. He was of opinion that his chances of participating in any real warfare were very slight and that, if after all he should participate, it was bound to be so entirely different from these peace manœuvres that his only course as a rational man would be to keep as observantly out of danger as he could until he had learnt the tricks and possibilities of the new conditions. He states this quite frankly. Never was a man more free from sham heroics.

§ 6.

Barnet welcomed the appearance of the atomic engine with the zest of masculine youth in all fresh machinery, and it is evident that for some time he failed to connect the rush of wonderful new possibilities with the financial troubles of his family. "I knew my father was worried," he admits. That cast the smallest of shadows upon his delighted departure for Italy and Greece and Egypt with three congenial companions in one of the new atomic models. They flew over the Channel Isles and Touraine, he mentions, and circled about Mont Blanc—"These new helicopters, we found," he notes, "had abolished all the danger and strain of sudden drops to which the old-time aeroplanes were liable,"—and then he went on by way of Pisa, Paestum, Ghirgenti and Athens to visit the pyramids by moonlight, flying thither from Cairo, and to follow the Nile up to Khartoum. Even by later standards it must have been a very gleeful holiday for a young man, and it made the tragedy of his next experiences all the darker. A week after his return, his father, who was a widower, announced himself ruined, and committed suicide by means of an unscheduled opiate.

At one blow Barnet found himself flung out of the possessing, spending, enjoying class to which he belonged, penniless and with no calling by which he could earn a living. He tried teaching and some journalism, but in a little while he found himself on the underside of a world in which he had always reckoned to live in the sunshine. For innumerable men such an experience has meant mental and spiritual destruction, but Barnet, in spite of his bodily gravitation towards comfort, showed himself, when put to the test, of the more valiant modern quality. He was saturated with the creative stoicism of the heroic times that were already dawning, and he took his difficulties and discomforts stoutly as his appointed material, and turned them to expression.

Indeed, in his book he thanks fortune for them. "I might have lived and died," he says, "in that neat fool's paradise of secure lavishness above there. I might never have realised the gathering wrath and sorrow of the ousted and exasperated masses. In the days of my own prosperity

things had seemed to me to be very well arranged." Now from his new point of view he was to find they were not arranged at all; that government was a compromise of aggressions and powers and lassitudes, and law a convention between interests, and that the poor and the weak, though they had many negligent masters, had few friends.

"I had thought things were looked after," he wrote. "It was with a kind of amazement that I tramped the roads and starved—and found that no one in particular cared."

He was turned out of his lodging in a backward part of London.

"It was with difficulty I persuaded my landlady—she was a needy widow, poor soul, and I was already in her debt—to keep an old box for me in which I had locked a few letters, keepsakes, and the like. She lived in great fear of the Public Health and Morality Inspectors because she was sometimes too poor to pay the customary tip to them, but at last she consented to put it in a dark, tiled place under the stairs, and then I went forth into the world—to seek first the luck of a meal and then shelter."

He wandered down into the thronging gayer parts of London in which a year or so ago he had been numbered among the spenders.

London, under the Visible Smoke Law, by which any production of visible smoke with or without excuse was punishable by a fine, had already ceased to be the sombre, smoke-darkened city of the Victorian time; it had been, and indeed was, constantly being rebuilt, and its main streets were already beginning to take on those characteristics that distinguished them throughout the latter half of the twentieth century. The insanitary horse and the plebeian bicycle had been banished from the roadway, which was now of a resilient, glass-like surface, spotlessly clean; and the foot passenger was restricted to a narrow vestige of the ancient footpath on either side of the track and forbidden, at the risk of a fine, if he survived, to cross the roadway. People descended from their automobiles upon this pavement and went through the lower shops to the lifts and stairs to the new ways for pedestrians, the Rows, that ran along the front of the houses at the level of the first story and, being joined by frequent bridges, gave the newer parts of London a curiously Venetian

appearance. In some streets there were upper and even third story Rows. For most of the day and all night the shop windows were lit by electric light, and many establishments had made, as it were, canals of public footpaths through their premises in order to increase their window space. Barnet made his way along this night-scene rather apprehensively, since the police had power to challenge and demand the Labour Card of any indigent-looking person, and if the record failed to show he was in employment dismiss him to the traffic pavement below.

But there was still enough of his former gentility about Barnet's appearance and bearing to protect him from this; the police, too, had other things to think of that night, and he was permitted to reach the galleries about Leicester Square,—that great focus of London life and pleasure.

He gives a vivid description of the scene that evening. In the centre was a garden raised on arches lit by festoons of lights and connected with the Rows by eight graceful bridges, beneath which hummed the interlacing streams of motor traffic, pulsating as the current alternated between east and west and north and south. Above rose great frontages of intricate rather than beautiful reinforced porcelain, studded with lights, barred by bold, illuminated advertisements and glowing with reflections. There were the two historical music-halls of this place, the Shakespear Memorial Theatre, in which the municipal players revolved perpetually through the cycle of Shakespear's plays, and four other great houses of refreshment and entertainment, whose pinnacles streamed up into the blue obscurity of the night. The south side of the square was in dark contrast to the others; it was still being rebuilt, and a lattice of steel bars surmounted by the frozen gestures of monstrous cranes rose over the excavated sites of vanished Victorian buildings.

This framework attracted Barnet's attention for a time to the exclusion of other interests. It was absolutely still, it had a dead rigidity, a stricken inaction, no one was at work upon it, and all its machinery was quiet; but the constructors' globes of vacuum light filled its every interstice with a quivering green moonshine and showed alert, but motionless—soldier sentinels!

He asked a passing stroller, and was told that the men

had struck that day against the use of an atomic riveter that would have doubled the individual efficiency and halved the number of steel workers.

"Shouldn't wonder if they didn't get chucking bombs," said Barnet's informant, hovered for a moment, and then went on his way to the Alhambra music-hall.

Barnet became aware of an excitement in the newspaper kiosks at the corners of the square. Something very sensational had been flashed upon the transparencies. Forgetting for a moment his penniless condition, he made his way over a bridge to buy a paper, for in those days the papers, which were printed upon thin sheets of metallic foil, were sold at determinate points by specially licensed purveyors. Half over he stopped short at a change in the traffic below; and was astonished to see that the police signals were restricting vehicles to the half roadway. When presently he got within sight of the transparencies that had replaced the placards of Victorian times, he read of the Great March of the Unemployed that was already in progress through the West End, and so without expenditure he was able to understand what was coming.

He watched, and his book describes this procession which the police had considered it unwise to prevent and which had been spontaneously organised in imitation of the Unemployed Processions of earlier times. He had expected a mob, but there was a kind of sullen discipline about the procession when at last it arrived. What seemed for a time an unending column of men marched wearily, marched with a kind of implacable futility, along the roadway underneath him. He was, he says, moved to join them, but instead he remained watching. They were a dingy, shabby, ineffective-looking multitude, for the most part incapable of any but obsolete and superseded types of labour. They bore a few banners with the time-honoured inscription: "Work, not Charity," but otherwise their ranks were unadorned.

They were not singing, they were not even talking, there was nothing truculent nor aggressive in their bearing, they had no definite objective, they were just marching and showing themselves in the more prosperous parts of London. They were a sample of that great mass of unskilled, cheap labour which the new, still cheaper mechanical powers had

superseded for ever more. They were being "scrapped"—as horses had been "scrapped."

Barnet leant over the parapet watching them, his mind quickened by his own precarious condition. For a time, he says, he felt nothing but despair at the sight; what should be done, what could be done for this gathering surplus of humanity? They were so manifestly useless—and incapable—and pitiful.

What were they asking for?

They had been overtaken by unexpected things. Nobody had foreseen——

It flashed suddenly into his mind just what the multitudinous shambling enigma below meant. It was an appeal against the unexpected, an appeal to those others who, more fortunate, seemed wiser and more powerful, for something—for *intelligence*. This mute mass, weary-footed, rank following rank, protested its persuasion that some of these others must have foreseen these dislocations,—that anyhow they ought to have foreseen—and arranged.

That was what this crowd of wreckage was feeling and seeking so dumbly to assert.

"Things came to me like the turning on of a light in a darkened room," he says. "These men were praying to their fellow-creatures as once they prayed to God! The last thing that men will realise about anything is that it is inanimate. They had transferred their animation to mankind. They still believed there was intelligence somewhere, even if it was careless or malignant. . . . It had only to be aroused to be conscience-stricken, to be moved to exertion. . . . And I saw, too, that as yet *there was no such intelligence*. The world waits for intelligence. That intelligence has still to be made, that will for good and order has still to be gathered together, out of scraps of impulse and wandering seeds of benevolence and whatever is fine and creative in our souls, into a common purpose. It's something still to come. . . ."

It is characteristic of the widening thought of the time that this not very heroical young man who, in any previous age, might well have been altogether occupied with the problem of his own individual necessities, should be able to stand there and generalise about the needs of the race.

But upon all the stresses and conflicts of that chaotic

time, there was already dawning the light of a new era The spirit of humanity was escaping, even then it was escaping, from its extreme imprisonment in individuals. Salvation from the bitter intensities of self, which had been a conscious religious end for thousands of years, which men had sought in mortification, in the wilderness, in meditation and by innumerable strange paths, was coming at last with the effect of naturalness into the talk of men, into the books they read, into their unconscious gestures, into their newspapers and daily purposes and everyday acts. The broad horizons, the magic possibilities that the spirit of the seeker had revealed to them were charming them out of those ancient and instinctive preoccupations from which the very threat of hell and torment had failed to drive them. And this young man, homeless and without provision even for the immediate hours, in the presence of social disorganisation, distress, and perplexity, in a blazing wilderness of thoughtless pleasure that blotted out the stars, could think as he tells us he thought.

"I saw life plain," he wrote. "I saw the gigantic task before us, and the very splendour of its intricate and immeasurable difficulty filled me with exaltation. I saw that we have still to discover government, that we have still to discover education, which is the necessary reciprocal of government, and that all this—in which my own little speck of a life was so manifestly overwhelmed—this and its yesterday in Greece and Rome and Egypt were nothing, the mere first dust swirls of the beginning, the movements and dim murmurings of a sleeper who will presently be awake. . . ."

§ 7.

And then the story tells, with an engaging simplicity, of his descent from this ecstatic vision of reality.

"Presently I found myself again and I was beginning to feel cold and a little hungry."

He bethought himself of the John Burns Relief Offices which stood upon the Thames Embankment. He made his way through the galleries of the booksellers and the National Gallery, which had been open continuously day and night to all decently dressed people now for more

than twelve years, and across the rose-gardens of Trafalgar Square, and so by the hotel colonnade to the Embankment. He had long known of these admirable offices, which had swept the last beggars and matchsellers and all the casual indigent from the London streets, and he believed that he would as a matter of course be able to procure a ticket for food and a night's lodging and some indication of possible employment.

But he had not reckoned upon the new labour troubles, and when he got to the Embankment he found the offices hopelessly congested and besieged by a large and rather unruly crowd. He hovered for a time on the outskirts of the waiting multitude, perplexed and dismayed, and then he became aware of a movement, a purposive trickling away of people, up through the arches of the great buildings that had arisen when all the railway stations were removed to the south side of the river, and so to the covered ways of the Strand. And here in the open glare of midnight he found unemployed men begging, and not only begging, but begging with astonishing assurance, from the people who were emerging from the small theatres and other such places of entertainment which abounded in that thoroughfare.

This was an altogether unexampled thing. There had been no begging in London streets for a quarter of a century. But that night the police were evidently unwilling or unable to cope with the destitute who were invading those well-kept quarters of the town. They had become stonily blind to anything but manifest disorder.

Barnet walked through the crowd unable to bring himself to ask; indeed, his bearing must have been more valiant than his circumstances, for twice he says that he was begged from. Near the Trafalgar Square gardens a girl with reddened cheeks and blackened eyebrows, who was walking alone, spoke to him with a peculiar friendliness.

"I'm starving," he said to her abruptly.

"Oh! poor dear!" she said; and with the impulsive generosity of her kind glanced round and slipped a silver piece into his hand. . . .

It was a gift that, in spite of the precedent of De Quincey, might under the repressive social legislation of those times have brought Barnet within reach of the prison

lash. But he took it, he confesses, and thanked her as well as he was able, and went off gladly to get food.

§ 8.

A day or so later,—and again his freedom to go as he pleased upon the roads may be taken as a mark of increasing social disorganisation and police embarrassment —he wandered out into the open country.

He speaks of the roads of that plutocratic age as being "fenced with barbed wire against unpropertied people," of the high-walled gardens and trespass warnings that kept him to the dusty narrowness of the public ways. In the air, happy rich people were flying, heedless of the misfortunes about them, as he himself had been flying two years ago, and along the road swept the new traffic, light and swift and wonderful. One was rarely out of earshot of its whistles and gongs and siren cries, even in the field-paths or over the open downs. The officials of the labour exchanges were everywhere overworked and infuriated, the casual wards were so crowded that the surplus wanderers slept in ranks under sheds or in the open air, and since giving to wayfarers had been made a punishable offence there was no longer friendship or help for a man from the rare foot passenger or the wayside cottage. . . .

"I wasn't angry," said Barnet. "I saw an immense selfishness, a monstrous disregard for anything but pleasure and possession in all those people above us, but I saw how inevitable that was, how certainly if the richest had changed places with the poorest, that things would have been the same. What else can happen when men use science and every new thing that science gives and all their available intelligence and energy to manufacture wealth and appliances, and leave government and education to the rusting traditions of hundreds of years ago? Those traditions come from the dark ages, when there was really not enough for everyone, when life was a fierce struggle that might be masked, but could not be escaped. Of course this famine grabbing, this fierce dispossession of others, must follow from such a disharmony between material and training. Of course the rich were vulgar and the poor grew savage, and every added power that came to men made the rich

richer and the poor less necessary and less free. The men I met in the casual wards and the relief offices were all smouldering for revolt, talking of justice and injustice and revenge. I saw no hope in that talk, nor in anything but patience. . . ."

But he did not mean a passive patience. He meant that the method of social reconstruction was still a riddle, that no effectual rearrangement was possible until this riddle in all its tangled aspects was solved. "I tried to talk to those discontented men," he wrote, "but it was hard for them to see things as I saw them. When I talked of patience and the larger scheme, they answered, 'But then we shall all be dead'—and I could not make them see, what is so simple to my own mind, that that did not affect the question. Men who think in lifetimes are of no use to statesmanship."

He does not seem to have seen a newspaper during those wanderings, and a chance sight of the transparency of a kiosk in the market-place at Bishop's Stortford announcing a "Grave International Situation" did not excite him very much. There had been so many grave international situations in recent years.

This time it was talk of the Central European Powers suddenly attacking the Slav confederacy, with France and England going to the help of the Slavs.

But the next night he found a tolerable meal awaiting the vagrants in the casual ward, and learnt from the workhouse master that all serviceable trained men were to be sent back on the morrow to their mobilisation centres. The country was on the eve of war. He was to go back through London to Surrey. His first feeling, he records, was one of extreme relief that his days of "hopeless battering at the underside of civilisation" were at an end. Here was something definite to do, something definitely provided for. But his relief was greatly modified when he found that the mobilisation arrangements had been made so hastily and carelessly that for nearly thirty-six hours at the improvised depôt at Epsom he got nothing either to eat or to drink but a cup of cold water. The depôt was absolutely unprovisioned, and no one was free to leave it.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

The Last War.

§ 1.

Viewed from the standpoint of a sane and ambitious social order, it is difficult to understand, and it would be tedious to follow the motives that plunged mankind into the war that fills the histories of the middle decades of the twentieth century.

It must always be remembered that the political structure of the world at that time was everywhere extraordinarily behind the collective intelligence. That is the central fact of that history. For two hundred years there had been no great changes in political or legal methods and pretensions, the utmost change had been a certain shifting of boundaries and slight readjustments of procedure, while in nearly every other aspect of life there had been fundamental revolutions, gigantic releases, and an enormous enlargement of scope and outlook. The absurdities of courts and the indignities of representative parliamentary government, coupled with the opening of vast fields of opportunity in other directions, had withdrawn the best intelligences more and more from public affairs. The ostensible governments of the world in the twentieth century were following in the wake of the ostensible religions. They were ceasing to command the services of any but second-rate men. After the middle of the eighteenth century there are no more great ecclesiastics upon the world's memory, after the opening of the twentieth no more statesmen. Everywhere one finds an energetic, ambitious, short-sighted, commonplace type in the seats of authority, blind to the new possibilities and litigiously reliant upon the traditions of the past.

Perhaps the most dangerous of those outworn traditions were the boundaries of the various "sovereign states," and the conception of a general predominance in human affairs on the part of some one particular state. The memory of the empires of Rome and Alexander squatted, an unlaid carnivorous ghost, in the human imagination—it bored into

the human brain like some grisly parasite and filled it with disordered thoughts and violent impulses. For more than a century the French system exhausted its vitality in belligerent convulsions, and then the infection passed to the German-speaking peoples, who were the heart and centre of Europe, and from them onward to the Slavs. Later ages were to store and neglect the vast insane literature of this obsession, the intricate treaties, the secret agreements, the infinite knowingnesses of the political writer, the cunning refusals to accept plain facts, the strategic devices, the tactical manœuvres, the records of mobilisations and counter-mobilisations. It ceased to be credible almost as soon as it ceased to happen, but in the very dawn of the new age their state-craftsmen sat with their historical candles burning, and, in spite of strange new reflections and unfamiliar lights and shadows, still wrangling and planning to rearrange the maps of Europe and the world.

It was to become a matter for subtle inquiry how far the millions of men and women outside the world of these specialists sympathised and agreed with their portentous activities. One school of psychologists inclined to minimise this participation, but the balance of evidence goes to show that there were massive responses to these suggestions of the belligerent schemer. Primitive man had been a fiercely combative animal; innumerable generations had passed their lives in tribal warfare, and the weight of tradition, the example of history, the ideals of loyalty and devotion fell in easily enough with the incitements of the international mischief-maker. The political ideas of the common man were picked up haphazard, there was practically nothing in such education as he was given that was ever intended to fit him for citizenship as such (that conception only appeared, indeed, with the development of Modern State ideas), and it was therefore a comparatively easy matter to fill his vacant mind with the sounds and fury of exasperated suspicion and national aggression.

For example, Barnet describes the London crowd as noisily patriotic when presently his battalion came up from the depôt to London to entrain for the French frontier. He tells of children and women and lads and old men cheering and shouting, of the streets and rows hung with the flags of the allied Powers, of a real enthusiasm even among the

destitute and unemployed. The Labour Bureaux were now partially transformed into enrolment offices and were centres of hotly patriotic excitement. At every convenient place upon the line on either side of the Channel Tunnel there were enthusiastic spectators, and the feeling in the regiment, if a little stiffened and darkened by grim anticipations, was none the less warlike.

But all this emotion was the fickle emotion of minds without established ideas; it was with most of them, Barnet says, as it was with himself, a natural response to collective movement, and to martial sounds and colours, and the exhilarating challenge of vague dangers. And people had been so long oppressed by the threat of and preparation for war that its arrival came with an effect of positive relief.

§ 2.

The plan of campaign of the allies assigned the defence of the lower Meuse to the English, and the troop-trains were run direct from the various British depôts to the points in the Ardennes where they were intended to entrench themselves.

Most of the documents bearing upon the campaign were destroyed during the war; from the first the scheme of the allies seems to have been confused, but it is highly probable that the formation of an aerial park in this region, from which attacks could be made upon the vast industrial plant of the lower Rhine, and a flanking raid through Holland upon the German naval establishments at the mouth of the Elbe, were integral parts of the original project. Nothing of this was known to such pawns in the game as Barnet and his company, whose business it was to do what they were told by the mysterious intelligences at the direction of things in Paris, to which city the Whitehall staff had also been transferred. From first to last these directing intelligences remained mysterious to the body of the army, veiled under the name of "Orders." There was no Napoleon, no Caesar to embody enthusiasm. Barnet says, "We talked of Them. *They* are sending us up into Luxembourg. *They* are going to turn the Central European right."

Behind the veil of this vagueness the little group of

more or less worthy men which constituted Headquarters was beginning to realise the enormity of the thing it was supposed to control. . . .

In the great hall of the War Control, whose windows looked out across the Seine to the Trocadero and the palaces of the western quarter, a series of big-scale relief maps were laid out upon tables to display the whole seat of war, and the staff-officers of the control were continually busy shifting the little blocks which represented the contending troops, as the reports and intelligence came drifting in to the various telegraphic bureaux in the adjacent rooms. In other smaller apartments there were maps of a less detailed sort, upon which, for example, the reports of the British Admiralty and of the Slav commanders were recorded as they kept coming to hand. Upon these maps, as upon chessboards, Marshal Dubois, in consultation with General Viard and the Earl of Delhi, was to play the great game for world supremacy against the Central European Powers. Very probably he had a definite idea of his game; very probably he had a coherent and admirable plan.

But he had reckoned without a proper estimate either of the new strategy of aviation or of the possibilities of atomic energy that Holsten had opened for mankind. While he planned entrenchments and invasions and a frontier war the Central European generalship was striking at the eyes and the brain. And while, with a certain diffident hesitation, he developed his gambit that night upon the lines laid down by Napoleon and Moltke, his own scientific corps in a state of mutinous activity was preparing a blow for Berlin. "These old fools!" was the key in which the scientific corps was thinking.

The War Control in Paris on the night of July the second was an impressive display of the paraphernalia of military organisation, as the first half of the twentieth century understood it To one human being at least the consulting commanders had the likeness of world-wielding gods. . . .

She was a skilled typist, capable of nearly sixty words a minute, and she had been engaged in relay with other similar women to take down orders in duplicate and hand them over to the junior officers in attendance to be forwarded and filed. There had come a lull, and she had been sent

out from the dictating room to take the air upon the terrace before the great hall and to eat such scanty refreshment as she had brought with her until her services were required again.

From her position upon the terrace this young woman had a view not only of the wide sweep of the river below her, and all the eastward side of Paris from the Arc de Triomphe to Saint Cloud, great blocks and masses of black or pale darkness with pink and golden flashes of illumination and endless interlacing bands of dotted lights under a still and starless sky, but also the whole spacious interior of the great hall with its slender pillars and gracious arching and clustering lamps was visible to her. There over a wilderness of tables lay the huge maps, done on so large a scale that one might fancy them small countries; the messengers and attendants went and came perpetually, altering, moving the little pieces that signified hundreds and thousands of men, and the great commander and his two consultants stood amidst all these things and near where the fighting was nearest, scheming, directing. They had but to breathe a word, and presently away there, in the world of reality, the punctual myriads moved. Men rose up and went forward and died. The fate of nations lay behind the eyes of these three men. Indeed, they were like gods.

Most godlike of the three was Dubois. It was for him to decide; the others at most might suggest. Her woman's soul went out to this grave, handsome, still, old man, in a passion of instinctive worship. . . .

Once she had taken words of instruction from him direct. She had awaited them in an ecstasy of happiness—and fear. For her exaltation was made terrible by the dread that some error might dishonour her. . . .

She watched him now through the glass with all the unpenetrating minuteness of an impassioned woman's observation.

He said little, she remarked. He looked but little at the maps. The tall Englishman beside him was manifestly troubled by a swarm of ideas, conflicting ideas; he craned his neck at every shifting of the little red, blue, black and yellow pieces on the board, and wanted to draw the commander's attention to this and that. Dubois listened,

nodded, emitted a word and became still again, brooding like the national eagle.

His eyes were so deeply sunken under his white eyebrows that she could not see his eyes; his moustache overhung the mouth from which those words of decision came. Viard, too, said little; he was a dark man with a drooping head and melancholy, watchful eyes. He was more intent upon the French right, which was feeling its way now through Alsace to the Rhine. He was, she knew, an old colleague of Dubois; he knew him better, she decided, he trusted him more than this unfamiliar Englishman. . . .

Not to talk, to remain impassive and as far as possible in profile; these were the lessons that old Dubois had mastered years ago. To seem to know all, to betray no surprise, to refuse to hurry—itself a confession of miscalculation; by attention to these simple rules Dubois had built up a steady reputation from the days when he had been a promising junior officer, a still, almost abstracted young man, deliberate but ready. Even then men had looked at him and said: "He will go far." Through fifty years of peace he had never once been found wanting, and at manœuvres his impassive persistence had perplexed and hypnotised and shattered many a more actively intelligent man. Deep in his soul Dubois had hidden his one profound discovery about the modern art of warfare, the key to his career. And this discovery was that *nobody knew*, that to act, therefore, was to blunder, that to talk was to confess; and that the man who acted slowly and steadfastly and above all silently had the best chance of winning through. Meanwhile one fed the men. Now by this same strategy he hoped to shatter those mysterious unknowns of the Central European command. Delhi might talk of a great flank march through Holland with all the British submarines and hydroplanes and torpedo craft pouring up the Rhine in support of it; Viard might crave for brilliance with the motor bicycles, aeroplanes and ski-men among the Swiss mountains, and a sudden swoop upon Vienna; the thing was to listen—and wait for the other side to begin experimenting. It was all experimenting. And meanwhile he remained in profile, with an air of assurance—like a man who sits in an automobile after the chauffeur has had his directions.

And everyone about him was the stronger and surer for that quiet face, that air of knowledge and unruffled confidence. The clustering lights threw a score of shadows of him upon the maps, great bunches of him, versions of a commanding presence, lighter or darker, dominated the field, and pointed in every direction. Those shadows symbolised his control. When a messenger came from the wireless room to shift this or that piece in the game, to replace under amended reports one Central European regiment by a score, to draw back or thrust out or distribute this or that force of the allies, the Marshal would turn his head and seem not to see, or look and nod slightly, as a master nods who approves a pupil's self-correction. "Yes, that's better."

How wonderful he was, thought the woman at the window, how wonderful it all was. This was the brain of the western world, this was Olympus with the warring earth at its feet. And he was guiding France, France so long a resentful exile from imperialism, back to her old predominance.

It seemed to her beyond the desert of a woman that she should be privileged to participate. . . .

It is hard to be a woman, full of the stormy impulse to personal devotion, and to have to be impersonal, abstract, exact, punctual. She must control herself. . . .

She gave herself up to fantastic dreams, dreams of the days when the war would be over and victory enthroned. Then perhaps this harshness, this armour would be put aside and the gods might unbend. Her eyelids drooped. . . .

She roused herself with a start. She became aware that the night outside was no longer still. That there was an excitement down below on the bridge and a running in the street and a flickering of searchlights among the clouds from some high place away beyond the Trocadero, And then the excitement came surging up past her and invaded the hall within.

One of the sentinels from the terrace stood at the upper end of the room gesticulating and shouting something.

And all the world had changed. A kind of throbbing. She couldn't understand. It was as if all the water-pipes and concealed machinery and cables of the ways beneath

were beating—as pulses beat. And about her blew something like a wind—a wind that was dismay.

Her eyes went to the face of the Marshal as a frightened child might look towards its mother.

He was still serene. He was frowning slightly, she thought, but that was natural enough, for the Earl of Delhi, with one hand gauntly gesticulating, had taken him by the arm and was all too manifestly disposed to drag him towards the great door that opened on the terrace. And Viard was hurrying towards the huge windows and doing so in the strangest of attitudes, bent forward and with eyes upturned.

Something up there?

And then it was as if thunder broke overhead.

The sound struck her like a blow. She crouched together against the masonry and looked up. She saw three black shapes swooping down through the torn clouds, and from a point a little below two of them there had already started curling trails of red. . . .

Everything else in her being was paralysed, she hung through moments that seemed infinities, watching those red missiles whirl down towards her. . . .

She felt torn out of the world. There was nothing else in the world but a crimson-purple glare and sound, deafening, all-embracing, continuing sound. Every other light had gone out about her, and against this glare hung slanting walls, pirouetting pillars, projecting fragments of cornices, and a disorderly flight of huge angular sheets of glass.

She had an impression of a great ball of crimson-purple fire like a maddened living thing that seemed to be whirling about very rapidly amidst a chaos of falling masonry, that seemed to be attacking the earth furiously, that seemed to be burrowing into it like a blazing rabbit. . . .

She had all the sensations of waking up out of a dream.

She found she was lying face downward on a bank of mould and that a little rivulet of hot water was running over one foot. She tried to raise herself and found her leg was very painful. She was not clear whether it was night or day nor where she was; she made a second effort, wincing and groaning, and turned over and got into a sitting position and looked about her.

Everything seemed very silent. She was, in fact, in the midst of a vast uproar, but she did not realise this because her hearing had been destroyed.

At first she could not join on what she saw to any previous experience.

She seemed to be in a strange world, a soundless, ruinous world, a world of heaped broken things. And it was lit—and somehow this was more familiar to her mind than any other fact about her—by a flickering, purplish-crimson light. Then close to her, rising above a confusion of *débris*, she recognised the Trocadero; it was changed, something had gone from it, but its outline was unmistakable. It stood out against a streaming, whirling uprush of red-lit steam. And with that she recalled Paris and the Seine and the warm, overcast evening and the beautiful luminous organisation of the War Control. . . .

She drew herself a little way up the slope of earth on which she lay and examined her surroundings with an increasing understanding. . . .

The earth on which she was lying projected like a cape into the river. Quite close to her was a brimming lake of dammed-up water, from which these warm rivulets and torrents were trickling. Wisps of vapour came into circling existence a foot or so from its mirror-like surface. Near at hand and reflected exactly in the water was the upper part of a familiar-looking stone pillar. On the side of her away from the water the heaped ruins rose steeply in a confused slope up to a glaring crest. Above and reflecting this glare towered pillowed masses of steam rolling swiftly upward to the zenith. It was from this crest that the livid glow that lit the world about her proceeded, and slowly her mind connected this mound with the vanished buildings of the War Control.

"*Mais!*" she whispered, and remained with staring eyes quite motionless for a time, crouching close to the warm earth.

Then presently this dim, broken human thing began to look about it again. She began to feel the need of fellowship. She wanted to question, wanted to speak, wanted to relate her experience. And her foot hurt her atrociously. There ought to be an ambulance. A little gust of querulous criticisms blew across her mind. This

surely was a disaster! Always after a disaster there should be ambulances and helpers moving about. . . .

She craned her head. There was something there. But everything was so still!

"*Monsieur!*" she cried. Her ears, she noted, felt queer, and she began to suspect that all was not well with them.

It was terribly lonely in this chaotic strangeness, and perhaps this man—if it was a man, for it was difficult to see—might for all his stillness be merely insensible. He might have been stunned. . . .

The leaping glare beyond sent a ray into his corner and for a moment every little detail was distinct. It was Marshal Dubois. He was lying against a huge slab of the war map. To it there stuck and from it there dangled little wooden objects, the symbols of infantry and cavalry and guns as they were disposed upon the frontier. He did not seem to be aware of this at his back, he had an effect of inattention, not indifferent attention, but as if he were thinking. . . .

She could not see the eyes beneath his shaggy brows, but it was evident he frowned. He frowned slightly, he had an air of not wanting to be disturbed. His face still bore that expression of assured confidence, that conviction that if things were left to him France might obey in security. . . .

She did not cry out to him again, but she crept a little nearer. A strange surmise made her eyes dilate. With a painful wrench, she pulled herself up so that she could see completely over the intervening lumps of smashed-up masonry. Her hand touched something wet, and after one convulsive movement she became rigid.

It was not a whole man there; it was a piece of a man, the head and shoulders of a man that trailed down into a ragged darkness and a pool of shining black. . . .

And even as she stared the mound above her swayed and crumbled and a rush of hot water came pouring over her. Then it seemed to her that she was dragged downward. . . .

(*To be continued.*)

Dialect Words

By Logan Pearsall Smith

We are all of us aware, in a more or less vague way, that outside the borders of what is called "good English," the standard language, spoken and written by the educated classes, there are other forms of living speech still in existence all about us—ancient local dialects which, in Scotland, and Yorkshire, and Devonshire, and other parts of England, still maintain their life with more or less success in spite of the uniform language which the elementary schools are forcing on the country. These dialects have long since attracted the attention of linguistic specialists, and have been carefully studied; glossaries of all, and grammars of some of them have been published, the material in these has been put together, with that collected by the Dialect Society, in Dr. Wright's great Dialect Dictionary; and there is no great difficulty now in exploring the wild districts of English speech which lie so close around the streets and suburbs of our polite vernacular. As, however, this wealth of knowledge, so carefully collected, remains still an almost unknown region to the general public of educated people, a modest place may perhaps be found for an essay on these forms of non-literary English, which, written more from a literary than a scientific point of view, attempts to show some at least of their aspects and characteristics which should be of real interest to everyone. First of all there is their conservatism, the surprisingly large number of ancient words which are preserved in them, but which have perished in our standard language. It is well known, of course, that a large part of the Anglo-Saxon vocabulary, driven from the court and the hall by French invaders at the Norman Conquest, has taken refuge in humble cottages, and still preserves a vigorous life in village speech. A list of these old Saxon words, unknown to modern literature, but still spoken by the uneducated classes, would fill many pages;

their interest is, perhaps, more linguistic than literary, but it is worth noting that some of these humble terms are among the most highly-descended words in our language, and go back, not only to the Teutonic past which we share with our German cousins, but even to the remotest Aryan antiquity. Thus, for instance, the Yorkshire verb to *frayne*, meaning "to ask," is related to the Latin *precari*, the Northern *thole* to the Latin *tollere*; and when our gardeners speak of *healing* plants, they are using a word which, in its Latin and Greek forms, is to be found in the works of Virgil and Pindar and Aeschylus. But the fashionable French invaders which drove these old words from our standard speech have, many of them, suffered the same fate in the course of time—they, too, have fallen from the castle, and are now only to be found in the cottage and the village street. Many of these old English and French words are not understood by educated people, or only known to them from the glossaries of old poets; but we find among them a large number of literary and archaic words which are, perhaps, still used in writing, although they have perished from our spoken conversation. But "poetic" words of this kind—words like *tryst*, *malison*, *fain*, and *blithe*, and hundreds of others—are still in daily use in various parts of the country; and the delight of meeting them, not as dim ghosts in books, but as vocables of living speech, of hearing in the familiar talk of workmen and cottagers terms that King Alfred used, and Chaucer and Shakespeare made famous, is not the least of the many surprises which will reward anyone who will listen with care to dialect speech. Why these become archaic, why our uneducated neighbours can utter words which are forbidden to our lips, is a curious phenomenon which it is difficult to explain and impossible to oppose. The fact remains, however, that with the best will in the world we cannot speak of *biding* in the house, of *delving* in the garden, or of *slaying* pheasants; indeed, anyone who should make the attempt would be likely to share the embarrassment of the would-be sportswoman, who exclaimed in the hunting field: "What a beautiful leap!" and found it as well to leave the neighbourhood soon afterwards.

These, then, are among the survivals in dialect speech; and other survivals are to be found in plenty. In the

beautiful old names of birds and flowers, in the vocabularies of ancient games and local customs, are embodied many bits of ancient folk-lore; and terms of old belief and ancient ritual, and echoes of historic events, have left their mark on many dialect and old-fashioned words. But the enumeration of the curiosities of language, however fascinating to the collector, soon wearies his readers, and we will turn from these old survivals to other aspects of dialect speech which have a more general interest.

Perhaps one of the most important aspects of the various works on English dialects is the fact that they are studies of popular speech, forms of our language which have developed in natural freedom, entirely, or almost entirely, unaffected by the artificial conditions imposed upon our standard English. They are spontaneous growths, unaffected by the rules of grammarians, and unrestrained by the conservatism of literary tradition. If, therefore, we wish to see our language in its original condition, to get close to its heart and genius, to observe the use it makes of new and old material, what it instinctively welcomes and rejects, we can best do this by studying our dialects—not because they are the only forms of popular speech about us (for we have the jargons of various trades and sports, and the rich vocabularies of slang and imprecation and ribaldry)—but because they are the ones which have been most carefully documented and studied. Here we can observe in untrammelled working the processes which have created the English language in the past, and will no doubt continue, in spite of all our conservatism, to affect and control its future development. One of the most important of these processes is that of word-creation, and the richness of the dialect vocabularies is one of their most remarkable characteristics. Although our language, as recorded in our standard dictionaries, contains more terms than any other form of speech, there are yet spoken in England many thousands of words which find no place in these works of reference. Most of these are, of course, local, but there are many which are current in all districts, although the educated classes have no knowledge of them. Among these popular words some, as we have seen, are ancient terms, but the greater number are apparently more or less new formations. The popular vernaculars are

vast speech-jungles, in which old forms are decaying and new ones continually springing into life; and this process of fermentation results in the creation of numberless new terms, which come to birth and live and die in tropical profusion. They are formed in living response to the needs of the moment; the greater number of them hardly survive the occasion that brought them forth; but others, on account of their expressive power and their usefulness, establish themselves, spread from district to district, and help to form that vocabulary of rustic speech which forms so vivid a mirror of the popular mind and its principal concerns and preoccupations. Here we find, as we might expect, a great wealth of agricultural terms—words for the various processes of cultivation, in all their nicest details, and words also for all the varieties of our variable weather, the winds, the rains, the frosts and thaws which help or hinder the labourer in his toils. Here we find also a rich vocabulary of reproof and vituperation for those human failings which are most obnoxious to plain and hard-working people, for laziness and lounging, for fine dressing and pretence and idle talk; and their collections of half humorous, half indignant names for louts and slovens form one of the main features of our Doric vocabularies. Many of these popular words are too frank for polite usage, but this is by no means their general character. Our dialects are often rich in words expressive of nice observation and poetic feeling—words which are superior to those of our standard speech in freshness and vividness, and which also often describe objects and feelings for which we possess no names.

Terms of this kind, as well as technical and vituperative words, are continually finding their way into the literary language, drifting like air-borne seeds over the barriers and walls which guard its precincts; and by their freshness and vigour they do much to maintain our standard speech in health and vigour. Writers on the subject of language often speak of "dialectic regeneration," the enrichment of the standard language by local words; but their methods of entrance, the various ways by which this enrichment takes place, have not yet been studied in detail. As, however, they are processes which we not only can see going on every day about us, but in which we all of us unconsciously play

our part, it will be of interest to give a little consideration to them.

The most easily opened door through which words find their way from dialect to standard speech is by means of some special trade or occupation; but this is so obvious and familiar to us, that it is not necessary to say much about it. We all know that when a business becomes of national importance its terms come to be generally familiar; thus the workmen from the North, who built the first railways added to our vocabulary, and indeed to the vocabularies of Europe, dialect words like *shunt*, *bogie*, *trolley*, and *tram*; miners have provided us with terms like *coke* and *nugget*; and *blight* and *clover* have come from the gardeners and farmers of various districts. Local sports, too, when they become widely popular, also add, in much the same manner, local terms to our vocabulary; thus *lasher* is a word picked up by rowing-men in the Thames valley; *skid* and *hub* owe their popularity to bicycling; *rink* is a Scottish word, and also from Scotland have come that wealth of golfing terms which have recently been added to the language.

But there are other ways, more important, but more difficult to trace, by which dialect words make their way into the different varieties of standard English. For our accepted language, the English familiar to the educated classes, is not absolutely uniform, but is made up of several forms of speech which vary somewhat in their vocabulary and grammar, and which are used on different occasions, according to their dignity and importance. Most familiar of all is the language of colloquial talk, with its expletives, easy idioms, and a varying amount of slang. Above this is the vernacular of good conversation, more correct, more dignified, and entirely, or almost entirely, free from slang. Above this comes the written language, which is richer in vocabulary and somewhat more old-fashioned in construction than the standard spoken speech. But this written, like the spoken language, is also of two kinds—for the English of poetry differs, too, from that of prose, both in grammar and vocabulary. We have, therefore, at least four varieties of English, each with its set of special terms. Now, if we examine this linguistic ladder or staircase reaching from earth to the heights of poetry, we will find that its lowest rung or step is fixed close to

the soil of popular and vulgar speech. For our slangy and colloquial terms are almost always of popular origin; and among these are to be found a large number of words from dialects. These words find an easy entrance into the vocabulary of familiar talk; sportsmen pick them up from grooms and gamekeepers, children learn them from servants, masters from their workmen; they drift from stables and gardens into drawing-rooms; and wherever the educated and the uneducated meet and talk together on easy terms new words, fresh from the popular speech are added to the vocabulary of the educated classes. These words, whether they originate in cant, slang, or in dialect, are at first regarded as vulgarisms, and shock the nice ears of the polite. But they soon undergo a sifting process. Slang words, being generally created, not to define a thing, but to say something funny about it, keep as a rule their slangy character; while those among the dialect terms which are genuine and useful definitions lose little by little their vulgar associations, and, once firmly fixed on the lower steps of the linguistic ladder, push themselves upward, one rung after another. They are used in talk, then in familiar letters, then in easy prose, and some of them at least make their way into the vocabulary of the highest poetry. The character and value of these words shift, therefore, almost from day to day; and yet we all know at any given moment the class to which any of them belongs. We should all, for instance, agree that the words *beach*, *billow*, *swamp* and *dwindle* could be used in any appropriate context; and that *gambler*, which Dr. Johnson described as a cant term, has its place in literary English. These are all believed to be words of dialect origin, which have come in the course of time to be generally accepted. Next below them is a class of dialect words which have only so far reached the stage of "good colloquial" English—words which anyone might use in talk, but which would seem out of place in the most dignified writing. Among words of this class may be mentioned *fun*, *clever*, *cantankerous*, *fad*, *bother*, *fogy*, *stingy*, and the verbs to *dawdle* and to *nag*. Of these nine words Dr. Johnson only includes three in his Dictionary; *clever*, which he calls a "low word," and *fun* and *stingy*, which he condemns even more strongly as "low cant." *Clever*, *fun*, *stingy*—no one would now con-

sider these words "low," and their advance since the time of Dr. Johnson is a striking proof of his own remark that "no word is naturally or intrinsically meaner than another; our opinion therefore of words, as of other things arbitrarily and capriciously established, depends wholly upon accident and custom."

Next to these "good colloquial words" comes another class of dialect expressions, which are at present on a lower rung of the linguistic ladder, and have not yet lost their slangy associations—words like *spree*, *lollipop*, *cantrip*, *dotty*, and the verbs to *potter*, to *flabbergast*, to take a *scunner*. These words, though still "low," are sometimes used in colloquial talk, and will not shock the polite, in the manner of the next class (for which I must beg them to brace their nerves)—words recently adopted into the slang vocabulary, like *codger*, *geezer*, *piffle*, *gab*, *swank*, and the verbs to *cop*, to *bash*, to *flummox*, and to *diddle*. These are undoubtedly "low" at present, but their lowness is merely a matter of association; between them and the others there is no essential difference; and some of them are probably of a nobler descent than many respectable words, well received in the best society. *Diddle*, for instance, is perhaps a survival from Anglo-Saxon times; to *cop* has been traced through old French to the Latin *capere*; *geezer*, a recent word of the music-halls, is a dialect variant of the pretty old name, *guiser*, for a masquerader.

The process of ascent in all these cases, the rise of vulgar words into good society, is as interesting to watch as the adventures of those human social strugglers, whose fortunes are the theme of many novels. And while these words of rustic origin are advancing upwards, they pass others on the way, which are slowly descending the linguistic staircase; words like *pate*, *huggermugger*, and (speaking with all respect) the word *guts*, which was once in dignified use, and was employed by Sir Philip Sidney when he sang of his soul and his guts in a translation of the Psalms. Among other tragic downfalls from high to the lowest place, the unfortunate and familiar adjectives *blooming* and *bloody* are deserving of a sympathetic mention.

But the process of ascent is not always the slow and tedious one which we have described. Certain dialect words

there are which, owing to the patronage of some illustrious person, have been received at once on their merits, and almost without question. These patrons are famous writers of provincial origin, who add to the literary language words from the dialects of the districts where they have spent their early years. Spenser, it is well known, made use of words from Lancashire and the North, but it does not seem that his dialect introductions found much favour with his contemporaries. Scottish writers have been more fortunate, and have introduced many Northern words into Southern speech—not only words of literary formation (for Scotch was for some centuries a standard and literary language), but popular words as well, like *lilt* and *outcome*, which we owe to Carlyle, and *croon*, *eerie*, *flunkey*, and *gloaming*, with which Burns' poems have made us familiar. But by far the greatest trafficker in this kind of merchandise was Sir Walter Scott, who was endowed with a keen sense of the value of words, and who has done more to enrich our language with picturesque terms than any other modern writer. Not only did he revive and give a new lease of literary life to many beautiful words which he found in books, but he gathered them even more abundantly from living and local speech. He had always a sovereign or two ready in his pocket to give any wayfarer he met, or any humble acquaintance with whom he talked, in return for a good word or phrase which was new to him; and these he would introduce into his poems or novels, for the most part in the dialogue; and thus a whole world of dialect expressions became more or less familiar to his many readers, and many of them became naturalised in our colloquial and our literary language. Among the colloquial words which are first found in Scott's writings are *rampage*, *bogle*, *spree*, and *scunner*; while others, like *daft*, *astir*, *sleuthhound*, *glamour*, *gruesome*, and the phrase to *dree one's weird*, found an immediate welcome in the literary language. I have already in this Review mentioned the word *glamour*, which is of interest, not only owing to its derivation from *grammar*, but because it has come to embody the very spirit of Romantic Movement, in which Scott played so important a part. *Glamour* in Scotland simply meant spells or magic, and was used, and is still used, in the phrase to "cast the glamour" over some-

one; but it soon acquired, in literary English, its present meaning of "magical beauty," for which no other language possesses an equivalent. The phrases "Celtic glamour," and "Celtic twilight," have become somewhat vague and hackneyed, and Lowland Scotch is not specially Celtic in origin or character. And yet we certainly have derived from Scotland a remarkable vocabulary, expressive of gloom and mystery; and in words like *murk*, *gloaming*, *glamour*, *gruesome*, *fey*, *freit*, *bogle*, *eerie*, *eldritch*, *uncanny*, and *second sight*, we find good examples of expressive power in local dialects, and learn how a standard language may enrich itself by drawing on their resources.

But the dialect words which have come to us through literature are not all of northern origin. Both Dickens and Thackeray were fond of using popular and dialect words, and to Thackeray we owe, for instance, the current use of the word *snob*, which has now, with characteristic energy, pushed its way into society all over Europe. Other dialect words have been introduced by American authors; for the American settlers took with them not only the standard English, but many local terms as well. *Hub* is an instance of this; it is a dialect word both in England and America, which was brought into literature first by Oliver Wendell Holmes, who described the dome of the Boston State House as the "hub of the solar system." Boston soon acquired the humorous designation of the "Hub of the Universe," and the term came into more general use, as we have seen, with the popularity of the bicycle. These words, *snob* and *hub*, are among those monosyllables which do so much to give the English language its concise and vivid character; and it will be found that a large number of similar terms, little penny-pieces of our speech—words like *pet*, *blight*, *tram*, *fun*, *nag*—have also been coined in the admirable mints of the local dialects.

Tennyson, Edward Fitzgerald, and Stevenson are among the nineteenth-century lovers of dialect words, which Tennyson used so vividly in his dialect poems; and our living writers, Mr. Thomas Hardy and Mr. Kipling, have made effective use of the provincial vocabularies.

In this manner, therefore, men of letters have aided, and still aid, the less conscious processes by which popular

and dialect words make their way into the standard vocabulary. To many readers the use of local terms is often tiresome, and they reluct at works containing dialect, and do not see why, with the great and copious vocabulary of standard English at their command, writers should fill their books with uncouth words and unfamiliar grammar. And yet the instinct which leads so many authors to echo and reproduce popular and dialect speech is a sound and healthy one; for both the peasant and the literary artist employ, after all, much the same kind of language; both are concerned more with life and idiom than with dictionaries and the rules of grammar. Both wish to express their feelings when they speak, and strive to clothe their thoughts with flesh and blood and make them visible to their hearers. A writer cannot create his own language; he must take what society provides him, and in his search for sensuous and pictured speech he naturally has recourse to the rich and living material created by generations of popular and unconscious artists. Here he finds an energetic and picturesque language, rich in images and irony, and full of a zest, a joy in life, which are of priceless value to him. This zest, this eager interest, is embodied in hundreds of terms and phrases of good-natured contempt and humorous vituperation; in expressions of surprise and amazement and wonder; and it is owing to their irresistible good spirits and rude energy, the rollicking way they have with them, that so many "low" words find their way into our drawing-rooms. But popular speech possesses another quality—that of imagination and poetry—which is of even greater value to the literary artist. For just as musicians have discovered in labourers' cottages a wild growth of beautiful folk-music, so an almost equal beauty of folk-poetry is to be found in the same haunts—imaginative speech, growing, like the music, out of the heart of common life, and racy of the soil from which it springs. It is for this reason that poetry has more than once returned to popular speech, and has found by that contact with earth, the means through which it has renewed its strength.

But it is hardly necessary to insist on this point; Wordsworth, Burns, and Scott (to mention no others) have shown us the value of the popular vernacular; and we know how much our Romantic movement owes to Percy's

publication of old ballads, and how these, imported into Germany, awakened that interest in folk-poetry which led to the great songs and lyrics of the golden age of German literature.

We are all, moreover, familiar with the surprising and beautiful discoveries which have recently been made by those who have studied the peasant speech of Ireland. The rich profusion of image and metaphor and poetic phrase which these writers have used to such good purpose, has come to us like a new revelation of beauty—like the discovery of an unknown, fortunate island of golden speech. Mr. Synge has told us how he learnt his vocabulary from herds and fishermen, beggar-women and ballad-singers, and he adds: "When I was writing *The Shadow of the Glen*, . . . I got more aid than any learning could have given me from a chink in the floor of an old Wicklow house where I was staying, that let me hear what was being said by the servant-girls in the kitchen." Is there talk like this, one wonders, in our English houses? Could English writers, who sit in their studies and, in Mr. Synge's scornful phrase, deal like Ibsen and Zola "with the realities of life in joyless and pallid words," find equal treasures, should they lie, note-book in hand, with their ears to chinks in the floors above their kitchens? The picture suggests itself to the mind, only to be dismissed; neither the chinks could be found in English houses, nor the language which Mr. Synge heard in the wild parts of Ireland. And yet, as our dialect glossaries show, there is much of interest and literary value to be learned from rustic speech in England; and Edward Fitzgerald, in his *Suffolk Sea Phrases*, has shown us how much even an amateur can collect who will take the trouble. Anyone, indeed, who has the opportunity, and who is a lover of good English, will find it well worth his while to make, as Fitzgerald made, a collection of rustic words and phrases. But access to these treasures is, unfortunately, by no means as easy as it used to be. For although many country people still talk their own dialects, they have now learnt at school another form of English, which they use with greater or less success when speaking to people of education; and they are not readily drawn out by anyone they look upon as a "gen'l'man." They have become more

or less bilingual, speaking among themselves their old vernacular, but talking to us a pale School Board copy of our own language. As I sit at home in the country, writing what from a linguistic point of view must be regarded as an extremely corrupted and artificial variety of the Mercian dialect, I know that an ancient form of English, much purer and less unspoilt, is in use in the fields and cottages all about me; but I know that this language of my neighbours, like their old folk-music and their ancient superstitions, is something of which they have come to be ashamed. Rare words, like rare birds, are difficult of observation. Patience is necessary; we must be able to talk on easy terms with our neighbours; we must listen carefully, and ask no linguistic questions, nor beg to have a word repeated; uneducated people will seldom admit that they know of, or have used, dialect expressions. But if we have ourselves some knowledge of the dialect, and can address our neighbours in their own language, they will soon lapse into their native and natural way of speaking.

This study of dialect, and the hunt for out-of-the-way terms, seems to have been more popular thirty or forty years ago than it is now; and in the proceedings of the Philological and the Dialect Societies, and in the prefaces to old provincial glossaries, will be found now and then "hunting anecdotes," showing the zest and pleasure of the pursuit. I find, for instance, in a communication made in 1877 to the Philological Society by that well-known student of our language, Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte, a quaint account of an expedition he made to Somerset to look for survivals of the old *Ic* or *Ich* for *I*. "I began my researches," he writes "at Cannington, west of the Parret and east of the Quantocks, and there I was informed by the Rev. Mr. Bristow, the Rector, that one Edward Wills, sometimes called Thorne, had stated to him that he, Edward Wills, was well acquainted with the word *utchy* for *I*; that he had used it himself, and that it would also be used at present, but rarely, among old peasants. I lost no time in visiting myself this respectable patriarch of ninety-four years, and he repeated to me the above statements." The Prince adds that at another village near Crewkerne he had "been very fortunate in finding the

desired words *utchy* and *utch*"; and he adds, in regard to *ize* for *I*, "I know a man who still maintains its existence about Bideford." Another French collector tells with enthusiasm that he found in the talk of an old woman in Auvergne, when she was telling how she had pushed a calf into her cowshed, a survival of the great classical word *urgere*, which all philologists had till then believed to have been dead for centuries in the popular speech of Europe. And even when a glossary for a certain district had been compiled, there was the interest of correcting or adding to it. "Many, too, of these glossaries, on which much labour has been expended, will still bear supplementing," another enthusiast writes. "A curious illustration of this occurred to ourselves when lately staying in a country village. The ground had been twice worked over by two different collectors. The later, too, had gleaned a thousand words, which his predecessor had neglected. The spot did not therefore seem very promising. We, however, in the course of the month, bagged some hundred and fifty new specimens. This gives an average of five a day, which may be looked upon as very fair sport." "We are sorry to add," this collector remarks naïvely, "that an excellent clergyman and an energetic schoolmaster are committing irreparable mischief by teaching the people to read." This was written in 1865; since that time "excellent clergymen and energetic schoolmasters" have certainly waged a war on local idioms not unlike that war waged by gamekeepers on many species of wild birds; but in both cases the result has been not so much to extinguish rare species, as to make them more shy and difficult of observation; and anyone who wishes to form a vocabulary of local terms can still make an excellent collection if he be wary and careful. He can hardly hope now (although this, too, is just possible) to find, like the first collectors, an ancient jewel of Saxon language, unrecorded since the time of King Alfred, or some bit of unknown Dutch or French gold; but he can discover many quaint old words and usages, and often a new term, fresh-coined in the ever-active mint of popular speech. And the knowledge he acquires of the way his neighbours use words, and the meanings they attach to them, will sometimes be of practical importance. One collector tells us of a lady in Yorkshire who got into unnecessary trouble through ignor-

ance of the meaning attached to the word "idle" in the district where she lived. She said the church choir were "idle," whereupon half of them resigned, as they thought she had accused them of leading vicious lives. Another states that he was able to save a man from a heavy sentence by explaining that the *neife* with which a man admitted he had struck his neighbour, did not mean a "knife," but was an old dialect word for "fist." The present writer was once saved by the Dialect Dictionary from a less serious but more comic misunderstanding. Being present at a village meeting in which the fiscal question was being discussed, he was suddenly amazed by a most extraordinary adjective which a local speaker used to describe those who held views contrary to his own. The adjective was one which, owing to its unseemly meaning, is never by any chance heard in polite society; and he was amazed at the calm way its repeated use was received by the village audience. Nor could he see its relevance to the dissemination of views, however mistaken, on the fiscal question, until he found, on consulting the Dialect Dictionary, that this unspeakable word had in rustic dialect only the comparatively mild meaning of "false" or "deceitful."

Such are the adventures and humours of word-collecting. But the subject deserves to be more than the fad or amiable hobby of a few enthusiasts; it is a matter which should be of interest to us all. Without an acquaintance with English dialects, which preserve as they do so much of the past of our tongue, and in which so many elements of the future are being forged and fashioned, it is impossible to acquire an adequate knowledge of our own language. And without that knowledge, how can we rightly fulfil our duty towards this great inheritance of our race? It is important that we should realise that our standard and literary language is but the flowering of the tree of English speech, and that the roots of this great tree, whence it draws its sap and nourishment, are deep buried in the popular soil. Cut off from these roots, it must fade and perish, as the great languages of the past have perished; dialectic regeneration, fresh life from the vivid and concrete speech of the people, is a continual necessity for its healthy life. Perhaps at the present time, when our standard speech

seems to be growing year by year more foreign, abstract and colourless in character, it stands in greater need than ever of this vigorous and native reinforcement. Not only writers, but everyone of us who speaks English, could help in this, were we not paralysed by that superstitious feeling of awe and respect for standard English which is now being spread by the diffusion of education. We are becoming more and more the slaves of schoolmasters and proof-correctors; and it is perhaps more than a coincidence that the two writers of the nineteenth century who have perhaps done the most to enrich our language, Carlyle and Sir Walter Scott, were both born and educated in a part of the country where standard English had not yet succeeded in establishing a tyrannical supremacy, or in banishing dialect from the speech of educated people.

But there are social, as well as linguistic reasons which make it important that we should regard uneducated speech with more sympathy, and acquire some knowledge of its usages. For standard English, although it was originally a local vernacular, has long since lost that character, and has become a class dialect. Spoken now only by the educated class and the governing social order, its usages are defended from motives which are largely social, one might almost say snobbish, in origin; it is set about with a barrier of sanctions and taboos, which are as minute and awful as any to be found in the caste systems of the East.

And those of us who are shut in by this class barrier suffer from it, as well as those who are excluded. It is not by what we wear, but by the speech in which we clothe our thoughts, that we are divided into social orders; everywhere we exclude, and are in turn excluded; and even the most democratic apostle of human fellowship will never abandon his class dialect, or attempt to put himself in real touch with the people by speaking to them in their own language. And yet we all of us, as a matter of fact, are quite able to use different kinds of speech, which vary with the different societies in which we find ourselves. There is the jargon of our family, of our occupation, of our set of friends, of our school or university; for each human group has its own language, and treats as outsiders all those who are unable to speak it. But the one human group from which we cut ourselves off is the local group, the little

local world of thought and feeling in which we live; the one language to which we pay no attention is the form of speech, often an ancient and beautiful dialect, of our uneducated neighbours.

English dialects have been studied, it is true, but they have interested few save philologists and collectors. On the Continent, however, the labours of special students have resulted in great and popular movements for the revival of local and decaying forms of speech. In a paper recently read to the Yorkshire Dialect Society, Dr. Craigie, one of the editors of the *Oxford Dictionary*, gives a most interesting account of these revivals, and the astonishing and unexpected success which has attended them; and he expresses the opinion that similar revivals are not impossible in England.

At first sight the resuscitation of local and dying languages seems a somewhat futile proceeding—a wilful attempt to oppose an inevitable law of progress. But movements of this kind, so popular and widespread and so passionately supported, must have some kind of reality behind them; must embody some popular ideal, and satisfy some need deep-rooted in human nature. This ideal, this need, is nothing less than an attempt on the part of small communities, faced as they are with the tendency towards vast and uniform national agglomerations, to retain their own common life, their own corporate and local soul. This local life, this corporate soul, is embodied in customs and traditions, but above all in dialects. "Every form of speech," as Dr. Craigie puts it, "which has naturally grown up in a community has in it something of the very innermost character of the people who have formed it; it is a part of themselves and of their daily life." The spread of compulsory education, threatening as it does local dialects, threatens also the common life of those who speak them. Dr. Craigie quotes one of the popular songs of the West Frisians, in which that feeling is well expressed: "We will not let our language go, for without the Frisian tongue there can be no Frisians more."

The local life of various districts of Scotland, of Devonshire, of Yorkshire, of the Eastern and Southern counties, is still embodied in the dialects of those regions. Their local words, idioms, and turns of speech are racy of the

soil and full of the breath of the coasts and moors and downs and mountains where they are still spoken. "There is a smell in our native earth better than all the perfumes of the East," and the lover of his own country can find in its ancient and traditional speech a rustic music, sweeter to his ears than in the banal language provided by the Board of Education. And just as the love of one's own home district does not interfere with, but rather enhances, a wider patriotism, and forms a healthy and necessary element in national life, so local forms of speech, each with their special characteristics and their new experiments, can, if rightly encouraged, do much in the future, as they have done in the past, to add vividness and life to our standard language.

[*Note*.—Since this essay was written a most interesting book on the subject, Mrs. Wright's *Rustic Speech and Folklore*, has been published—too late, however, for anything more than a reference in this note to the wealth of information and the admirable choice of examples to be found in it.]

The Bi-centenary of Laurence Sterne

By Edmund Gosse, C.B.

Address delivered to the Authors' Club, November 24, 1913.

It is exactly two hundred years to-night since there was born, at Clonmel, in Ireland, a son to a subaltern in an English regiment just home from the Low Countries. "My birthday," Laurence Sterne tells us, "was ominous to my poor father, who was, the day after our arrival, with many other brave officers, broke and sent adrift into the wide world with a wife and two children." The life of the new baby was one of perpetual hurry and scurry; his mother, who had been an old campaigner, daughter of what her son calls "a noted suttler" called Nuttle, had been the widow of a soldier before she married Roger Sterne. In the extraordinary fashion of the army of those days, the regiment was hurried from place to place—as was that of the father of the infant Borrow a century later—and with it hastened the unhappy Mrs. Sterne, for ever bearing and for ever losing children, "most rueful journeys," marked by a long succession of little tombstones left behind. Finally, at Gibraltar, the weary father, pugnacious to the last, picked a quarrel about a goose and was pinked through the body, surviving in a thoroughly damaged condition, to die, poor exhausted pilgrim of Bellona, in barracks in Jamaica.

It would be difficult to imagine a childhood better calculated than this to encourage pathos in a humourist and fun in a sentimentalist. His account, in his brief autobiography, of the appearance and disappearance of his hapless brothers and sisters is a proof of how early life appealed to Laurence Sterne in the dappled colours of an April day. We read there of how at Wicklow "we lost poor Joram, a pretty boy"; how "Anne, that pretty blossom, fell in the barracks of Dublin"; how little Devijehar was "left behind" in Carrickfergus. We know not whether to sob or to giggle, so tragic is the rapid catalogue of dying

babies, so ridiculous are their names and fates. Here, then, I think, we have revealed to us the prime characteristic of Sterne, from which all his other characteristics branch away, for evil or for good. As no other writer since Shakespeare, and in a different and perhaps more intimate way than even Shakespeare, he possessed the key of those tears that succeed the hysteria of laughter, and of that laughter which succeeds the passion of tears. From early childhood, and all through youth and manhood, he had been collecting observations upon human nature in these rapidly alternating moods.

He observed it in its frailty, but being exquisitely frail himself, he was no satirist. A breath of real satire would blow down the whole delicate fabric of *Tristram Shandy* and the *Sentimental Journey*. Sterne pokes fun at people and things; he banters the extravagance of private humour; but it is always with a consciousness that he is himself more extravagant than anyone. If we compare him for a moment with Richardson, who buttonholes the reader in a sermon; or with Smollett, who snarls and bites like an angry beast; we feel at once that Sterne could not breathe in the stuffiness of the one or in the tempest of the other. Sympathy is the breath of his nostrils, and he cannot exist except in a tender, merry relation with his readers. His own ideal, surely, is that which he attributed to the fantastic and gentle Yorick, who never could enter a village, but he caught the attention of old and young. "Labour stood still as he passed; the bucket hung suspended in the middle of the well; the spinning-wheel forgot its round, even chuck-farthing and shuffle cap themselves stood gaping till he had got out of sight." Like Yorick, Sterne loved a jest in his heart.

There are, it seems to me, two distinct strains in the intellectual development of Sterne, and I should like to dwell upon them for a moment, because I think a lack of recognition of them has been apt to darken critical counsel in the consideration of his writings. You will remember that he was forty-six years of age before he took up the business of literature seriously. Until that time he had been a country parson in Yorkshire, carrying his body, that "cadaverous bale of goods," from Sutton to Stillington, and from Stillington to Skelton. He had spent his life in

riding, shooting, preaching, joking, and philandering in company, and after a fashion, most truly reprehensible from a clerical point of view, yet admirably fitted to prepare such an artist for his destined labours as a painter of the oddities of average Englishmen. But by the side of this indolent search after the enjoyment of the hour, Sterne cultivated a formidable species of literature in which he had so few competitors that, in after years, his indolence prompted him to plagiarise freely from sources which, surely, no human being would discover. He steeped himself in the cumbrous learning of those writers of the Renaissance in whom congested Latin is found tottering into colloquial French. He studied Rabelais perhaps more deeply than any other Englishman of his time, and certainly Beroalde de Verville, Bruscambille, and other absurdities of the sixteenth century were familiar to him and to him alone in England.

Hence, when Sterne began to write, there were two streams flowing in his brain, and these were, like everything else about him, inconsistent with one another. The faithful tender colour of modern life competed with the preposterous oddity of burlesque erudition. When he started the annals of Tristram Shandy, the Rabelais vein was in the ascendant, and there is plenty of evidence that it vastly dazzled and entertained readers of that day. But it no longer entertains us very much, and it is the source of considerable injustice done by modern criticism to the real merits of Sterne. When so acute a writer as Bagehot condemns much of *Tristram Shandy* as "a sort of antediluvian fun, in which uncouth saurian jokes play idly in an unintelligible world," he hits the nail on the head of why so many readers nowadays turn with impatience from that work. But they should persevere, for Sterne himself saw his error, and gradually dropped the "uncouth saurian jokes" which he had filched out of Burton and Beroalde, relying more and more exclusively on his own rich store of observations taken directly from human nature. In the adorable seventh volume of *Tristram*, and in *The Sentimental Journey*, there is nothing left of Rabelais except a certain rambling artifice of style.

The death of Sterne, at the age of fifty-four, is one of those events which must be continually regretted, because to the very end of his life he was growing in ease and ripeness, was discovering more perfect modes of self-expression,

and was purging himself of his compromising intellectual frailties. It is true that from the very first his excellences were patent. The portrait of my Uncle Toby, which Hazlitt truly said is "one of the finest compliments ever paid to human nature," occurs, or rather begins, in the second volume of *Tristram Shandy*. But the marvellous portraits which the early sections of that work contain are to some extent obscured, or diluted, by the author's determination to gain piquancy by applying old methods to new subjects. Frankly, much as I love Sterne, I find Kunastrockius and Lithopaedus a bore. I suspect they have driven more than one modern reader away from the enjoyment of *Tristram Shandy*.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century a leading Dissenting minister, the Rev. Joseph Fawcett, said in answer to a question: "Do I *like* Sterne? Yes, to be sure, I should deserve to be hanged if I didn't!" That was the attitude of thoughtful and scrupulous people of cultivation more than one hundred years ago. But it was their attitude only on some occasions. There is no record of the fact, but I am ready to believe that Mr. Fawcett may, with equal sincerity, have said that Sterne was a godless wretch. We know that Bishop Warburton presented him with a purse of gold, in rapturous appreciation of his talents, and then in a different mood described him as "an irrevocable scoundrel." No one else has ever flourished in literature who has combined such alternating powers of attraction and repulsion. We like Sterne extremely at one moment, and we dislike him no less violently at another. He is attar of roses to-day and asafœtida to-morrow, and it is not by any means easy to define the elements which draw us towards him and away from him. Like Yorick, he had "a wild way of talking," and he wrote impetuously and impudently "in the naked temper which a merry heart discovered." As he "seldom shunned occasions of saying what came uppermost, and without much ceremony, he had but too many temptations in life of scattering his wit and his humour, his gibes and his jests, about him."

So that even if he had been merely Yorick, Sterne would have had manifold opportunities of giving offence and causing scandal. But he was not only a humourist with "a thousand little sceptical notions to defend," but he was

a sentimentalist as well. These two characteristics he was constantly mingling, or trying to mingle, since sentimentality and humour are in reality like oil and wine. He would exasperate his readers by throwing his wig in their faces at the moment when they were weeping, or put them out of countenance by ending a farcical story on a melancholy note. A great majority of Englishmen like to be quite sure of the tone of what they read; they wish an author to be straightforward; they dread irony and they loathe impishness. Now Sterne is the most impish of all imaginative writers. He is what our grandmothers, in describing the vagaries of the nursery, used to call "a limb of Satan." Tristram Shandy, in his light-hearted way, declared that "there's not so much difference between good and evil as the world is apt to imagine." No doubt that is so, but the world does not like its preachers to play fast and loose with moral definitions.

The famous sensibility of Sterne was a reaction against the seriousness, the ponderosity, of previous prose literature in England. We talk of the heaviness of the eighteenth century, but the periods of even such masters of solid rhetoric as Johnson and Gibbon are light as thistledown in comparison with the academic prose of the seventeenth century. Before the eighteenth century is called lumbering, let us set a page of Hume against a page of Hobbes, or a passage out of Berkeley by a passage out of Selden. Common justice is seldom done to the steady clarification of English prose between 1660 and 1750, but it was kept within formal lines until the sensitive recklessness of Sterne broke up the mould, and gave it the flying forms of a cloud or a wave. He owed this beautiful inspiration to what Nietzsche, as Mr. Herman Scheffauer has aptly reminded us, calls his "squirrel-soul," which leaped from bough to bough, and responded without a trace of conventional restraint to every gust of emotion. Well might Goethe be inspired to declare that Sterne was the most emancipated spirit of his century.

His very emancipation gives us the reason why Sterne's admirers nowadays are often divided in their allegiance to him. A frequent part of his humour deals very flippantly with subjects that are what we have been taught to consider indelicate or objectionable. It is worse than useless to try

to explain this foible of his away, because he was aware of it and did it on purpose. He said that "nothing but the more gross and carnal parts of a composition will go down." His indecency was objected to in his own age, but not with any excluding severity. And I would like to call your attention to the curious conventionality of our views on this subject. Human nature does not change, but it changes its modes of expression. In the eighteenth century very grave people, even bishops, allowed themselves, in their relaxed moments, great license in jesting. Yet they would have been scandalised by the tragic treatment of sex by our more audacious novelists of to-day. We are still interested in these matters, but we have agreed not to joke about them. I read the other day a dictum of one of those young gentlemen who act as our moral policemen: he prophesied that a jest on a sexual subject would, in twenty years, be not merely reprehensible, as it is now, but unintelligible. Very proper, no doubt, only do not let us call this morality, it is only a change of habits.

Sterne is not suited to readers who are disheartened at irrelevancy. It is part of his charm, and it is at the same time his most whimsical habit, never to proceed with his story when you expect him to do so, and to be reminded by his own divagations of delightful side-issues which lead you, entranced, whither you had no intention of going. He did not merely not shun occasions of being irrelevant, but he sought them out and eagerly cultivated them. Remember that a whole chapter of *Tristram* is devoted to the *attitude* of Corporal Trim as he prepared himself to read the Sermon. Sterne kept a stable of prancing, plump little hobby-horses, and he trotted them out upon every occasion. But this is what makes his books the best conversational writing in the English language. He writes for all the world exactly as though he were talking at his ease, and we listen enchanted to the careless, frolicking, idle, penetrating speaker who builds up for us so nonchalantly, with persistent but unobtrusive touch upon touch, the immortal figures of Mr. Shandy, my Uncle Toby, Trim, Yorick, the Widow Wadman, and so many more.

This, I am inclined to think, in drawing this brief sketch to an end, is Sterne's main interest for ourselves. He broke up the rhetorical manner of composition, or,

rather, he produced an alternative manner which was gradually accepted and is in partial favour still. I would ask you to read for yourselves the scene of the ass who blocked the way for Tristram at Lyons, and to consider how completely new that method of describing, of facing a literary problem, was in 1765. I speak here to an audience of experts, to a company of authors who are accustomed to a close consideration of the workmanship of their *métier*. I ask them where, at all events in English, anything like that scene had been found before the days of Sterne. Since those days we have never been without it. To trace the Shandean influence down English literature for the last century and a half would take me much too long for your patience. Perhaps some other speaker, in the course of this discussion, may dilate upon it. But in Dickens, in Carlyle, even in Ruskin, the Shandean element is often present and not rarely predominant. None of those great men would have expressed himself exactly as he does but for Laurence Sterne. And coming down to our own time, I see the influence of Sterne everywhere. The pathos of Sir James Barrie is intimately related to that of the creator of Uncle Toby and Maria of Moulines, while I am not sure that of all the books which Stevenson read it was not the *Sentimental Journey* which made the deepest impression upon him. Finally, let me say that what I regard as perhaps the most charming volume of autobiography published during the last ten years, the *Path to Rome* of my friend Mr. Hilaire Belloc, could never have been composed if Laurence Sterne had never lived.

Preliminary Sketch of the "Kreutzer Sonata"

By Leo Tolstoi*

(Translated from the Russian by Mrs. David Soskice)

"Why can't a man who loves a woman give her up to another?"

"Because it's impossible. And because, though it's all very well to reason about what is to be done when the crash comes, when the crash does come—you won't do it."

"You've heard, of course, of the case that was tried in K——, the Podnyshev case?" he asked, looking round as though he thought that somebody had entered.

None of us had heard of Podnyshev.

"If you haven't heard of it, I'll tell you about it. He killed his wife because he loved her. And he couldn't have done otherwise."

"Well, I don't understand that."

"Podnyshev, like everyone else, married. He had worked in the university, he worked afterwards; he had a will of his own. But he was passionate by nature, and that feeling began to speak in him. He met a girl. She was young, beautiful—very beautiful, and she had money. She was in a boarding school, her education wasn't finished. She had curls and fashionable dresses—a pretty little thing, stupid and good-natured, but chiefly pretty. Thinks he: 'After all, aren't I a man? There are other joys besides my chemistry—beauty, love. Why should I blink my eyes while other people grab everything, and the years go by. No, it's foolish, and I'm not a fool. . . .' So, he married. He went through the whole thing—the whole beastly wedding. In the days of the Domostroy, when young people were married at the will of their parents and didn't even see each other and there was no romance about it, then

* This document was recently discovered among the papers at the estate of the late Count Tolstoi.

the feather-beds and the linen and the wedding-clothes and the bridal visit were a matter of course. But nowadays, when all who assist at the ceremony feel in their hearts that it's nothing but a mockery; when they don't even believe in the sacrament (he was a learned man, so of course he didn't believe), all those things—beds and dressing-gowns and finery and clothes and chocolate are nothing but filth. Well, anyhow, he went through the filth and was married, and found out, chemistry apart, what a pleasant thing a pretty girl is. And he was pleased, very pleased. He went out, worked, came home, and at home, instead of dust and dulness, he found charm, grace, elegance, beauty, enjoyment. What more can one want? 'Why is it I had never thought of it before?' he wondered. He imagined that there was to be nothing but pleasure. But, on the contrary, during the first week new and quite unexpected factors appeared. There were tears, tempers, demands on her side for something that would not agree with something else that was necessary for him. The state of things which always arises arose with them. It was something like what you would feel supposing you had settled yourself comfortably in an armchair for a sleep before the fire, and the armchair had suddenly turned over, legs uppermost, and declared its intention of going out to play, or of taking a rest. You would ask in amazement how an armchair could have desires of its own. It's an armchair! You would turn it over and try to sit on it again, and it would repeat its former behaviour. That's how it is with everyone. Discord begins; there are quarrels. And what quarrels! The sort that take place between people who don't in the least understand the needs of one another's lives and don't want to understand them. And those quarrels are so bewildering—such ardent love existed six hours ago, and all of a sudden there's nothing left of it. The armchair was so soft and restful, and suddenly—there it is with its legs sticking up! Surely, it's impossible that there was such great love and that now nothing remains of it—not an atom? Search as you may, there's not a trace! He has become quite a different, irritable man, and blows begin to be exchanged. Of course, that's a secret which all hide from one another, though everybody knows it. There are scrimmages; animosity like that between animals springs

up. And the stronger the so-called love has been, the stronger the animosity. This animosity leads them even to the earnest desire for death, their own, and each other's. Thus it continues until the deceiving passion rises again and eclipses it for a time. So it was in this case. And besides, another unsuspected truth came to light—to wit, that in marrying to secure his pleasure he had not reckoned with the fact that there are very many others who appreciate that pleasure, and that there are also clever people who not only know that it is sometimes very pleasant to live with a woman, but who know, too, that all the cares and annoyances of married life are not necessary to gain that pleasure, and that it is far easier and more pleasant to skim the cream from the dish another has prepared.

"The wife was beautiful—you know that kind of striking, provocative beauty. Well, and those clever people were struck by it. And one of them set to work. Ah! yes, then began all those questions—of how to separate by agreement, by free consent, so freely that supposing he"—he pointed to the shop-assistant—"wanted to take your hand. Well, it's very simple. Why make a difficulty about it? Let him take the hand and go. He will have three hands and I shall have one. And I'll give it up quite peacefully. That is the beginning of the thing which, according to you, it is so easy to decide about. But the chief difficulty is, if you will allow me,* that of deciding about something that is never presented as a question.

"The devil only knows—does my wife want to betray me, or has she betrayed me long since, or is she only arranging to betray me to-day? *That* nobody knows, neither wife nor husband, nor he who has an eye on another man's wife. He says: 'It seems that the business is beginning to move now.' He calls it 'the business.' And the wife says: 'What a strange feeling and what a nice one! How I love——' But whom she does not know herself. And the husband thinks: 'No, I only imagined it.' And the next minute he thinks: 'It's surprising that I haven't noticed that everything is accomplished between them.' And a minute later he thinks: 'But perhaps it isn't. I mustn't think about it.'

* It is written, "simplicity"; but shouldn't it be, "if you will allow me"?

"And he begins to occupy himself with taking care not to think about the poor bear. A pleasant occupation! Whoever has not experienced that pleasure cannot understand it.

"So it began. And it went on and on and on. Two years passed like that. It turned out that there was much pleasure and seduction and comfort in it, but it was cruel. Oh, how cruel! How much unseen, unexpressed suffering there was!"

"She was an uneducated woman," the lady remarked.

He was again annoyed with the lady, and without looking at her he said to the gentleman with the elegant luggage:

"She had had that sort of education which women have who call themselves 'educated women.' You know that if a woman speaks English she calls all those who can't speak it 'uneducated.' And if, by any wonderful chance, she knows about natural selection—then everybody else is uneducated.

"She knew about natural selection. He had developed her, got her to read, and read with her himself. She read, and raised questions, especially in the presence of those clever people who had their eye on her. But it was all artificial. He knew why he had taken her and that her mental development was quite unnecessary to him. It was the custom in their set for the sake of appearances. And she knew what she was, and for what she was wanted, and in what her strength lay, and only pretended to be interested in things. The things that interested her, poor woman, were only her face, her body and its coverings. Children . . . well, children? There was a child. And, what of the child? It was also very beautiful; and there was the little coach, the little bath, the little frocks; she occupied herself with it all. She coquetted through the children, too. It was all very charming. Only it was difficult to fathom whether she bathed the child for the sake of bathing it, or in order to display her bare elbows; whether she caressed it for the sake of caressing it or in order to place her own head side by side with that of the child.

"So it went on and on, till it seemed as though something had happened. And happened in such a way that it was impossible to say whether it had happened or not.

The husband was confronted, not with a secret (if it had been a secret it would have been better), but with the image of that white bear one must avoid thinking of for fear one's heart may burst."

"Well, what had happened?"

"It was this: it was something that took place in the country. I was living near there. Next to them there lived a painter, a nice fellow; one of those who are cleverer than others, who manage to arrange their affairs without marrying. He was about twenty-eight, a pretty fellow, fair, with bright blue eyes, red lips, and a moustache with a reddish tinge. He was always painting some sort of trees with yellow leaves, and rambling about with his easel, in his hat and plaid. It so happened that they made his acquaintance. Then began again for him that entanglement which wound about him on all sides, and in which he became more and more involved. The little threads were so fine that it was a shame to break through them—and for what? One after another, one after another they appeared—and before he had time to look round he was bound hand and foot.

"She was a lover of painting. She had shown some ability for it while she was still in the boarding-school. She had begun to (*undecipherable*) several times, but of course it was impossible to neglect such a wonderful opportunity.

"A celebrity—and so kind, so serviceable, and so simple! There was no sort of interest at all between them except the high arts! Ah, how charming was that little spot, how fresh! When the husband showed signs of jealousy, when he had hardly begun to display his claws, she was at once all offended innocence: he was hinting at what had never even entered her head. It only provoked evil thoughts. So he hid his jealousy, but it was still there. The relations between the two were wonderful, so peaceful, joyful, and merry. The presence of the husband did not alter the simplicity of tone one jot. The husband adopted the same tone, but there was Hell in his soul. It was impossible to clear up the matter without giving himself away. If he had begun to clear it up even with her it would have meant the letting loose of animal feeling. To leave the question unsolved—that was still more terrible!

"The principal thing—the most awful thing in such cases—was that he knew that what she was to him, the sweetening of some minutes in his life, she must be in a still greater degree to others. And what he was to her others must be to her a hundredfold, by reason of their novelty, or even of their appearance. Her own common-sense would lead her to prefer the painter. The husband knew of no spiritual obstacles either on his side or hers. Of course, she would come to that if she were not a fool. There was only one obstacle—and that was publicity. Evil fame—would be unpleasant. Of course, she would have to manage it so that nobody should know. And if she did that, then I shouldn't know either.

"But no, she hadn't done it! And yet she had been in close relations with the painter all that summer. And, to define things more closely, he knew that, knew it for certain; but not as one knows a thing through external evidence—he knew it as he knew his thoughts—for certain, though unconsciously.

"I know one characteristic episode of their life at that time. In order to make what I have just said comprehensible I must explain their feelings.

"Once she went up to town. It appeared she was in need of certain things you know ladies are always in need of, in desperate need. The artist had to finish painting some special trees by the lake. She set off. She was in a great hurry; she looked very pretty, the husband said. Once or twice in the course of conversation she remarked how tiresome it was that she had to fulfil some commissions in town for the painter, thus making it apparent that he was still in the country.

"Something else occurred. He was suddenly filled with conviction: it was all over, she had betrayed him. He went to the painter's. The friend with whom he lived said that he had gone up to town in the night. Then he called to mind those frequent visits to the town, through the dust, without sufficient cause. So it had all happened. She had done it already—done that which by common sense she was bound to do.

"He could not stay at home, but set off for the town, taking a revolver to kill them both.

"This terrible resolution came to him as the most

natural thing. But it all fell out quite differently. He met her on the way. He saw her coming from a distance. She was returning home, fresh, merry, and contented. And at the first moment of meeting he noticed in her that radiant joyfulness which was to him always an inward proof of her betrayal of him. When she saw him she smiled, mockingly it seemed to him (at him and with him), but immediately afterwards she betrayed uneasiness.

"'What's the matter with you? Where are you going?'

"He wanted to lie to her, but he could not.

"He got into her fly, and crushed the picture she was carrying. That made her angry. As if she still had the right to be angry.

"'What's the matter with you? Why are you so crazy?'

"'I can't go on like this any longer.'

"They got out of the fly and walked home.

"'I'm worn out.'

"'Ah, because of Leonid Nikolaevitch? Enough of that. You ought to be ashamed of yourself.'

"So it began. On her lips played a joyous smile, which she could not repress. Then came ridicule—but not assurances—she would not descend to assurances. How could one torment oneself by imagining such nonsense? Why should one spoil life when everything was so delightful?

"'Well, if it worries you I won't see him. Though it's stupid, and it's humiliating to me. But as you like; you and your peace of mind are dearer to me than anything.'

"She had already betrayed him, and wanted to go on betraying him. But he believed her, and she had never seemed so lovely to him, he had never loved her so passionately. On taking up the pistol he had, for the first time, given vent to one animal passion, and now another animal passion grew stronger. They are the same, but from different sources.

"That episode was finished. It was obvious that she was not seeing the painter, and he went away. Life seemed somehow easier, though there was still the same watchfulness on both sides.

"The year passed well; there was no jealousy and no

cause for it. There were only quarrels, and sometimes the same despair on his side, regret that he had fastened this tormenting burden upon his shoulders, attempts to get rid of it, and the knowledge that his life was ruined, that he would carry it to the end. There were the same reconciliations and intimacies, but true sympathy was lacking. They thought only of claims upon one another; refusing to recognise each other's personal rights.

"Another year passed. Then that trial occurred which was to show him how easy common sense may make it—as you say—to separate by mutual consent, in such a manner that nobody may be the worse, but everybody the better for it. As pleasantly and easily as possible. Now you shall see how pleasant and easy it was for everybody.

"Things went on for another year. Another child was born. The familiarity with married life, its charm and suffering grew greater. And disproportionately it seems. If you had seen him then, you would not have said that he was unhappy, and he would not have said it of himself. He was like a man with a deadly disease who only grasps the full horror of his situation afterwards, when it has broken out. It was impossible for him to speak of that which tormented him more than anything else, even to the person nearest to him, his wife. He told me—it was afterwards that he told me—that the torture was increased by the fact that he did not know whether the last-born child was his, or the child of the fair-haired painter, who painted those trees on the lake. At one time he was sure it was his, at another he was sure it was not. He was frightfully miserable. And why was he miserable? Because his wife was to him only a sweet, tasty morsel of which he ate, and the sweeter the morsel the clearer it became to him that others would want to eat of it too, that they had tasted it, and that sooner or later they would eat it.

"They went abroad. She seemed to grow still more lively. She had one idea. She knew that she was a sweet mouthful, and that she must increase, sustain, and preserve her sweetness.

"Had she a peculiar kind of nature, trivial and worthless? Not in the least! She was neither more nor less than an animal, and a nice little animal, caressing, cunning,

beautiful, and clever. And at the same time a pitiable little animal.

"Well, and so they lived on, an exemplary couple. Then it chanced they went for the summer to a village in quite another part of the country, where her brother lived, and where there were country houses. He began to occupy himself with gardening. This was in the middle of the summer. They had a neighbour who was a friend of hers—a lady-doctor, a nice woman. She also chattered about freedom.

"Once he returned to the house from the garden for a slip he had forgotten—he was grafting—and he saw her coming home.

"'Where have you been?'

"'For a walk.'

"She had been walking. He looked at her, her face was beaming. It glowed as only love could make it glow, animal love.

"He went to the house and found the doctor there, and as they talked she told him that the painter had arrived the week before and was staying with the priest. They went to dinner. She tried to subdue the radiance of her face, but she could not. She had never looked so pretty. She is mine, but I am not the cause of that radiance. He is. He talked as usual and, like an animal, like a tiger, he hid everything, and only behaved more simply, more naturally. And so it passed.

"Mine, but not mine—she seemed still sweeter to him. He could not look at her enough, and the greater the love the greater the hatred. And the hatred gained the upper hand. He lived and kept watch. The painter did not show himself. How he suffered! He knew nothing, but he noticed that she knew the painter was there, and that she was seeing him.

"A week passed. He announced that he was going up to town for a day and night and set off. And of course he dismissed the horses and returned home in the evening, in the night, and saw how the painter crept sideways up to the balcony door, looked round, hesitated, and slipped in.

"No, the gardening knife was no good. I ran to my room, I had a dagger there. Yes. I don't remember

running there. Yes, mine, my wife, mine! . . . He jumped out of the window. She was in her chemise. She raised her bare arms and sat down on the bed. How could I give up what was mine? I ran to her and thrust the dagger in from beneath and dragged it upwards. She fell, she seized my arm. I pulled the dagger out with my hands. The blood gushed out. I felt disgusted at the sight of her blood. A finishing stroke—I dealt her a blow in the face with my fist, and went out to the housemaid and the manservant.

"'Go for the police. I've killed my wife.'

"I sat down in my room and smoked a cigarette. The lady-doctor came in.

"'Go to her.'

"'Why?'

"'Go.'

"'Is she dying?'

"'Yes.'

"Something quivered within me. Well, it was better.

"I went to her door and opened it. She lay there. Her mutilated face was swollen, her cheeks and eyes were livid. . . . My God! what had I done? Just then, I don't know why, I wanted to fall on my knees and beg for something. O! She beckoned to me.

"'Forgive me! Forgive me!' she said. I was silent.

"'I couldn't . . . I didn't know . . . I was wicked, but I wasn't guilty . . . truly I wasn't guilty. . . . Is it possible that I am going to die? Can't they possibly help me? I would have lived a good life. . . . I would have . . . atoned.'

"Where had she got that word from? But nothing could be done. She died. I was tried. I am Podnyshev . . . and they acquitted me—the animals.

"So there now. . . . That's what you endure. . . . And the old man lies. . . ."

"Well, but the old man says the same, himself," said the gentleman with the elegant luggage, timidly.

"The old man. O! Yes. Yes, he says that, and I say it. It was only on her death-bed that I loved her. How I loved her! How I loved her! My God, how I loved her!"

He began to sob.

"Yes, it was not she who was guilty. If she were alive now I would love, not her body and face, but I would love her, herself, and forgive everything! But if I had loved her there would have been nothing to forgive. . . ."

He got out at the next station. The little girl who was with him was his wife's daughter, of whom he did not know whether he was or was not the father.

The Piano-Player and the Music of the Future

By Ernest Newman

I.

For a man to put in a plea for the piano-player* in these days is to make a good many worthy people doubt his sanity or his honesty, or both. My own editorship of a little monthly journal devoted to piano-players and the interests of those who use them has brought on me the charitable suggestion that I am in the pay of a mysterious entity vaguely designated as "the makers," though it has been the policy of the journal from the commencement not to allow its editorial columns to be exploited for the benefit of this or that maker. Another playful little dodge of the anti-piano-player people is to doubt whether anyone who commends "mechanical" instruments can be a real musician. That also one can face quite cheerfully. If to praise the piano-player is to work one's own damnation, one has at least the consolation of being damned in excellent company. Perhaps I ought not to drag in the names of mere composers—such as Strauss, Grieg, Elgar, Scriabine, Max Bruch, Fauré, Humperdinck, Mascagni, Max Reger, Saint-Saëns, Max Schillings, Balakirew, Debussy, Glazounow, Liapounow, Rimsky-Korsakoff, and Sinding—who have sung the praises of one or other of these instruments. Their evidence may be tainted; these abandoned fellows, together with conductors like Nikisch, Colonne, Chevillard, Landon Ronald, and Sir Henry Wood, may also be, or have been when they were alive, in the pay of "the makers."

* It is a pity some more elegant and less ambiguous name cannot be found for instruments of this type. The term "piano-player" is sometimes restricted to the old-style cabinet attachment by which the keys of the instrument are manipulated from the outside; and the term "player-piano" to the instrument with the playing mechanism inside. In this article, however, I shall use the term "piano-player" to cover both types.

But when we are told, especially by amateur pianists, that the piano-player is a soulless machine that no self-respecting musician would be seen sitting down to, we may remind them that some of the warmest commendations of it have come from pianists of the front rank, such as Busoni, Harold Bauer, d'Albert, Backhaus, Carreno, Dohnanyi, Arthur Friedheim, Gabrilowitsch, Mark Hambourg, Josef Hofmann, Frederic Lamond, Wanda Landowska, Pugno, Sauer, Stavenhagen, Szanto, Rosenthal, and Leschetizki. Many people will remember, again, a concert at Queen's Hall some eighteen months ago, at which the London Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Nikisch, accompanied Mr. Easthope Martin in the Grieg concerto, Mr. Martin playing the solo part on a piano-player; while Miss Elena Gerhardt sang a number of songs to the accompaniment of the maligned "mechanical instrument." Within the last few weeks there has been a similar concert given in Paris with Chevillard, the Lamoureux Orchestra, and a piano-player. It is evident, then, that whatever the average amateur or teacher may think of the piano-player, it is taken seriously enough by the pianists, conductors, and singers who stand at the head of their profession. The truth is that the opposition to the piano-player comes mainly from people who have had no practical experience of the best it can do, and from pianoforte teachers who are afraid that their vested interests are in danger.

But from whatever cause and from whatever source the opposition comes, it is utterly futile. The piano-player has come to stay, and not all the contumely in the world will get rid of it now. There are already in England some fifty firms engaged in the manufacture or importation of these instruments; and the number is certain to increase. The agents of the higher-class pianos in some towns will tell you that they can hardly keep pace with the demand for them. For good or ill, here is a new factor in the musical life of the country that will have to be taken seriously. Some perturbed musicians see in this enthusiasm for "mechanical instruments" the beginning of the end. My own view is that these instruments can in no circumstances do harm, and that a piano-player in every home—even the musical home, where everyone can play pretty well by hand—would be an unmixed blessing. Let me give a few

reasons for the faith that is in me, and try to answer a few of the stock objections.

II.

Let me say at once that there are two classes of people for whom the piano-player developments of the next twenty years or so may not be a good thing, but whose disappearance I, as a musician, and still more as a musical critic, could hardly regard as fatal to music. The first are the ordinary concert pianists, the second the ordinary teachers of pianoforte playing. I will postpone the consideration of the latter for a moment. What of the former? Well, I look forward without a pang to the disappearance from our platforms, and indeed from our musical life altogether, of the ordinary "concert pianist." He is a person of whom far too much fuss is made. The fees he takes and the enthusiasm he inspires in a certain number of his audience are out of all proportion to his attainments, or to his importance in the musical scheme of things. Financially considered, he is a petted parasite; he is simply not worth what the concert societies have to pay for him. It has always been a mystery to me, indeed, why these societies, most of whom can hardly make both ends meet, should pay the sums they do to soloists of all kinds who certainly do not "draw" to the extent of one-quarter of their fees. Intellectually, the ordinary player's work stands on no higher level than—perhaps not so high as—that of the ordinarily good journalist, doctor, book illustrator, or tapestry designer. Musically, it is not a whit beyond what almost any good amateur musician could do were he to give the necessary time to acquiring the same technique. And if there is no need to make a fuss of the rank-and-file of public pianists for what they can do, there is emphatically no need to become delirious over them for what they are. The bulk of them are virtually useless to the musical culture of the country. With a "repertory," as they facetiously call it, of some half-dozen concertos and a score or so of smaller pieces, they go round from town to town, from country to country, from continent to continent, from one year to another, like so many performing seals, exhibiting the same poor little bag of tricks for ever and

ever. They are not so much musicians as musical traders, hawking about a few stock articles that they know, or believe, to be in universal demand. As traders I have no quarrel with them; a man has as much right to earn his living by selling muscular reproductions of other people's music as by selling gramophone records of it. But if the average concert pianist or violinist asks me to take him seriously as a necessary part of the musical culture of the race, I must respectfully decline, and that for two reasons. In the first place, he contributes nothing new or original to that culture, and, as a rule, is not even sufficient of an artist to risk a threepenny piece of his income for the propagation of new music. Even the greatest performers, to whom we all listen gladly time after time, do shamefully little to extend the acquaintance of their audiences with the great music of the world, or to introduce new compositions to the public. How many new works—except his own—has Paderewski played in the whole course of his dazzling career? There is no need to mince one's words on this subject. One can understand and forgive an unknown player or singer, whose first care must necessarily be to win a hearing from the public, being reluctant to give his audience anything but its old favourites; but for the people at the top of the tree there is no excuse, for the public would go to hear them whatever they did. Paderewski, and the other pianists and violinists and singers who occupy a position as exalted as his, would not suffer to the extent of half-a-crown per annum by the inclusion in each programme of at any rate one unfamiliar piece by a recognised master, or one new piece by a young composer who was striving for recognition. Yet in how many of the programmes of the new and the old world shall we find anything but the same dozen or so well-worn concertos, and the same hackneyed pieces of Bach and Beethoven and Schubert and Chopin and Liszt and one or two others? Traders? Why, even the smallest shopkeeper keeps a better stock on hand than that.

Still, if there is something of the trader even in the great artist, we overlook it in consideration of the jewels he gives us, or the way he exhibits the jewels. But the one thing that makes the great performer indispensable to us—a unique quality in his playing, the revelation of

a unique personality—is absent from the work of the ordinary pianist. He has no more personality, no more temperament, perhaps no more knowledge of or insight into music than the average capable amateur. His only superiority to the latter consists in his technique; and that is where the piano-player will have him one of these days. Even now there are certain pieces that the piano-player can do as well as—in some cases better than—the best human pianist: only a pianist with nerves and muscles of steel could sustain the speed and vitality of certain pieces of music as the pneumatic instrument can. And, of course, there are hundreds of things that a good piano-player, in the hands of a first-rate musician, can play much better than the average hand performer; for it can beat him hollow in the matter of technique—which is generally his sole claim to be heard at all—and can supply at least as much expression as he is capable of. I take it, then, that as more and more people find out what many people have found out already—that the average concert pianist is a person whom it is possible to take too seriously—it will become more and more difficult to persuade them to pay to hear him. We shall be sorry for him, as we are sorry for any other trader who cannot sell his wares because of some change in the public taste; but we shall not be sentimentally sorry. When the harness-maker finds that owing to the vogue of the motor-car there is less harness required than formerly, he wisely takes to making something else. The average concert pianist will have to follow his example. Meanwhile, the really big pianists will be none the worse off. There is always room for the man who, in piano-playing as in everything else, can do what no one else can do. The mere human equivalent of the "mechanical" piano-player will probably be beaten off the field before long: our Paderewskis and Pachmanns and Busonis and Bauers we shall always have with us.

III.

Some readers, while prepared to admit that the piano-player has its uses as an educational medium, may think I am claiming too much for it as an artistic instrument. I

grant that there is a great difference at present between even the best piano-player performance and that of a first-rate pianist. No doubt after another hundred years of improvements in these instruments the same difference will still be noticeable. But already it is possible for a first-class piano-player performer to get much better results from a fine instrument than most people would *à priori* be inclined to believe. It is difficult for the average man to rid himself wholly of prejudice in affairs of this kind; no matter how hard he may try, the knowledge that it *is* a piano-player that is being operated upon inevitably affects his judgment. He is prepared to hear "a machine," and accordingly it is a machine that he hears. Imagination and memory play a much greater part in our visual and auditory perceptions than most people think. The user of the piano-player sees some striking instances of this. A melodic note, for example, that should be prolonged through two or three bars disappears soon after it is struck. At first the performer will attribute this to some inherent defect in the piano-player; but if he will play the same passage by hand, and listen carefully, he will find that the note gives out too soon under these conditions also. The reason why he has never noticed it before is that his eye has seen the note on paper, and his imagination has carried it on after it has ceased to sound on the pianoforte.*

Our hearing, assisted by our eye, is always playing us tricks of this kind, as we soon discover when we submit ourselves to a test in which the evidence of the eye is excluded. Strange as it may seem, hardly one person in ten can tell, merely from the tone itself, whether it is a Strad. or a brand new violin that is being played upon, as was shown by some public experiments in Berlin a few years ago. I am confident that an experiment of the same kind with a piano-player and an ordinary pianoforte, each played behind a screen, would lead to a large number of wrong guesses as to which was which. I know of a case in which some song accompaniments at a public recital were played on a piano-player without anyone suspecting the fact, the instrument being so placed that none of the

* Of course I do not mean to imply that this invariably happens in the case of a long-held note; but that it frequently happens I have satisfied myself by experiments with myself and others, on the piano-player and on the pianoforte.

audience could see the keyboard. In estimating the value of the piano-player as a thoroughly artistic instrument, then, we must be careful to rid our mind of prejudice. I have often heard pianoforte playing at a concert that, if I had not seen the pianist, I should have taken for a performance on a piano-player; and I have more than once heard, from behind a door, a piano-player performance that gave me no suspicion that a mechanical instrument was concerned in it.

I hope I shall not be misunderstood on this point. I am not contending that the piano-player is as good as, or will ever be as good as, an absolutely front-rank pianist; but simply that a good performer on a good instrument can produce, in many works, as artistic an effect as any ordinarily good pianist can do. I say in "many works" advisedly, for there are certain pieces of music that the best piano-player of the present day cannot do justice to, while there are others in which it can make a better show than all but one or two pianists of exceptional powers. If the open-minded reader will go so far with me as to believe that the piano-player is an instrument with more artistic possibilities than it is usually credited with, I will cheerfully concede that it is far from being perfect as yet. But bit by bit, year by year, it will be improved. The instrument of to-day makes one wonder how anyone could ever have taken seriously the instrument of fifteen years ago; and our present instruments will no doubt cause the same irreverent hilarity among the musicians of twenty years hence. Even now the makers could produce an instrument that would be more responsive to what a good musician demands of it in the way of gradations of tone and accent; but, for reasons which I can only hint at here, an instrument of this kind would not at present be a commercial proposition. If the motor that drives the spool with the roll on it were worked by another force than that of the feet, the physical exertion of the performer would be greatly reduced, and a larger number of nuances would be easily under his control. Even with the present system it would be possible to get a greater variety of accents by means, for example, of a double tracker. The theoretical principles of this and other improvements are fully understood; what stands in the way of their practical realisation

is simply the commercial necessity of making a sort of universal instrument—one that shall not be too sensitive and too complex for the thousands of plain people who know nothing of music and whose powers of interpretation are limited, that shall be self-contained—it is not every house, for instance, that has electricity to run the motor—and that shall not be excessively dear. But for all that improvements *will* come one by one, and with each of them the present narrow margin between the human pianist and the "machine" will be cut finer and finer.*

Two little points should not be overlooked when we are considering how far the piano-player can bear comparison with the best hand performances. If the piano-player is a machine, so is the pianoforte—an exceedingly complicated machine. The sound is produced by vibrating wires. The natural, non-mechanical man—the noble savage of Rousseau, let us say—would pluck the wires with his fingers. If he goes a single step beyond this—if he strikes the wires with a stick or plucks them with a plectrum—he is calling in machinery to his aid. The history of the modern pianoforte is simply the history of the adding of one ingenious piece of mechanism after another to this first crude piece; and only by making it a more and more complicated machine has it been made a more artistic musical instrument.

Very good, it may be replied; but when all is said, the pianoforte is a piece of mechanism under the direct control of the human being, without whom it is nothing; whereas the piano-player is a machine pure and simple, in that the performer has less to do with the making of the music than the pianist has, and if need be can be dispensed with altogether, as is actually the case in certain electrically-driven instruments.

Quite so; in the piano-player the performer is relieved of all obligations with regard to keyboard technique. But pianoforte technique is not music, but only a means for the making of music. Let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that an absolutely ideal piano-player could be constructed in which every variety of touch nuance, every shade of

* It has been well said by an expert in the *Piano-Player Review* that the ideal instrument would be one that combined all the best features of each of the best makes. At present commercial competition puts this out of the question; we shall have to wait until the patents expire.

feeling that a Pachmann or a Paderewski could effect through his fingers could be effected through the pneumatics. Will anyone contend that such an instrument would be less worth listening to than the pianoforte, *merely* because the hammers striking the wires were impelled from the inside by pneumatics, instead of from the outside by the impact of human fingers on the keys? Some way or other the wires *must* be struck; *if the artistic results were the same*, would it matter a straw *how* they were struck? Would it not, indeed, be a sheer gain to set free for pure purposes of expression the vast amount of energy that the pianist now has to expend in merely making the notes sound? Technique, let me repeat, is merely a means to an end, that end being to make a number of wires vibrate in the precise way we wish them to. Strictly speaking, technique has nothing to do with music in the artistic sense of the word; it can be acquired by people without a spark of musical feeling in them.

The acquisition and application of technique, then, being in large part a merely physical or mechanical affair, there is no need for us to look down upon those lovers of music—of whom there are tens of thousands—who, having no time to give to keyboard practice, gratefully accept the splendid service the piano-player renders them in this regard.

My second point is that it is unfair to make comparisons between the best hand-playing and piano-player playing *until the same amount of time and trouble has been devoted to the latter as have gone to the making of the former.* Apart from the fact that probably not one piano-player user in ten thousand gives as much time to acquiring command over *his* instrument as the pianist does, we have to remember that if the tone is to be as delicately shaded by means of pneumatics as by hand pressure, we need not only perfect pneumatics, but the same sensitiveness in the performer's feet that the pianist has in his fingers. By our incessantly thinking along them, so to speak, the fingers have become such intelligent and sensitive servants of the brain that the slightest variation in the shade of feeling in the latter is instantaneously translated into a corresponding shade of tone quality. It is done without our needing to will it consciously. But only by long practice can so close an asso-

ciation be established between foot pressure and tone. Theoretically there is no reason why playing with the feet should not be as capable of all degrees of shading as playing by hand. The ultimate problem is the same in each case, the communication of varying degrees of impact to a wire by means of hammers. The variations in the loudness and quality of the tone can only come from variations in stroke and pressure. Given an absolutely perfect pneumatic player and a performer with as many different degrees of foot pressure at his command as the pianist has in his fingers,* I can see no reason to doubt that playing in the one case would be as fine as in the other. At present we have neither the ideal instrument nor the ideal performer. It is possible, nay probable, that the ideal instrument will never become a reality; but the inventors will certainly get nearer to it each decade.

The present distance between a good piano-player performance and first-rate pianism will be greatly diminished not only by improvements in the mechanism of the instrument, but by improvements in the cutting of the rolls. When I think of the rolls of ten years ago, or even of some of those that are issued to-day, I can only hold up my hands in amazement that the piano-player should have had the success it has. Beyond a few rough indications as to loudness and softness, and certain devices for ensuring the correct tempo, the rolls hardly contain a single hint for the guidance of the player. Until I made the suggestion in the *Piano-Player Review* a month or two ago, it had apparently never occurred to the makers that the rolls would be all the better for the insertion of (*a*) the time signature of the piece, (*b*) all the dynamic signs, (*c*) all the composer's own expression marks, (*d*) the bar lines, (*e*) the metronome number. Nine-tenths of the blunders that the average performer now makes in time, expression, rhythm and accent (especially cross accents) would be avoided if these simple improvements were effected in the rolls. The present tendency is for the manufacture of rolls to concentrate in the hands of two or three big firms. It is to be hoped that no monopoly in them will ever be established. Our only hope of getting better and better rolls—and there is room

* In addition, of course, he would have the accent levers.

for dozens of improvements in them—is the keen competition of rival makers.

IV.

But though I have urged thus strongly the claim of the piano-player to be taken more seriously as an artistic instrument than it is generally taken at present, it is mainly for other reasons that I welcome it and hope to see an enormous extension of its vogue. I do not wish to see it exploited in public any more than is necessary for trade purposes. I do not propose that people should give up playing by hand. Perhaps it is only due to old associations, but certainly one gets a more intense pleasure at present by playing moderately well in the usual way than by playing superlatively well with the piano-player. I am wholly opposed to the ordinary amateur wasting as many hours a day as would be necessary for him to acquire a technique equal to every demand that might be made on it. But with quite a moderate technique he can get a great deal of pleasure out of his pianoforte; and I believe the happiest amateur musician to-day is the one who combines hand playing with the use of the piano-player. The great value of the piano-player is not that it allows the performer to compete with the pianist for show purposes, but that it puts the best of the world's music within the reach of everyone. It is in this way, not by its competition with the professional soloist, that it is going to be a tremendous educational force in the musical life of the future.

The fear is sometimes expressed that the piano-player will diminish musical culture of the higher sort by making music too easy. I believe that fear to be groundless. People who suffer from it are confusing, I think, pianoforte technique with musical culture. There is nothing in technique itself that will make a musician of any man; he may spend a month in overcoming the difficulties of double thirds and sixths, and be as ignorant of music, as destitute of feeling at the end of it as he was at the beginning. Nay, the excessive time he has to devote to practice if his technique is to be anything above the average must necessarily deprive him of so much time in which to make a thorough all-round musician of himself. I have had

considerable experience of pianoforte students at conservatoires and in private; and I can testfy that ninety-nine out of a hundred of them are deplorably ignorant of music. They play a score or so of famous pieces pretty well; outside this they know next to nothing of music in general or pianoforte music in particular. Is it feared that by relieving a man of the burden of pianoforte practice we shall deprive him of all desire to understand the structure of music? I should say that if he has no desire to learn anything of this, practising finger exercises for six or seven hours a day will not give him the desire; while if he is really anxious to master the forms and the history of music, anything that will relieve him of the necessity of hours of tedious practice will necessarily give him more time for genuine study. After all, far too much stress is laid upon form and structure and harmony and counterpoint. For the composer, study and plentiful exercise of the technique of composition are, of course, indispensable. For the ordinary listener—and it is more good listeners that we want rather than more average performers—very much less than this will do. To be able to hear harmonically it is not necessary to know the name of a single chord or to be able to analyse one. To hear polyphonically is largely a matter of practice; and the plain music lover will get better practice of this kind by playing fifty Bach fugues on his piano-player in four hours than by giving these four hours to mastering certain technical difficulties, and then playing a solitary fugue or two at the finish. The basic principles of the fugue form, the sonata form, and the rest can be made clear to any man of average intelligence in a day. After that, all he has to do is to get into direct contact with as many fugues and sonatas as possible. Which is the more likely to help him in this—the living voice of the piano-player, or hours of dreary keyboard practice? In a word, the only way in which the piano-player will make music easy is by opening out the whole world of great music to unskilled music-lovers, and letting the composer speak to them direct instead of through the mouth of some pedant of the class-room or of the text-book, who at best can show them nothing but the skeleton of a work. The text-books and the professors only teach form because the spirit is unteachable. No great musician ever was, or ever will be,

great in virtue of what the text-books call his form. Any numskull can reproduce the form of any work whatever, simply by planning his sections, his repetitions, and so on, in the same order and on the same scale. He can copy the form of a Beethoven allegro to a hair's breadth by using the same number of themes and figures as Beethoven, cutting them to the same size and pattern, going up when Beethoven goes up, and down when Beethoven goes down, modulating when Beethoven modulates, entering upon his working out, his recapitulation, and all the rest of it at just precisely as many bars' distance from the commencement as Beethoven does, and adding a coda of the same length and build as Beethoven's. But his work would be no more like Beethoven's than an isosceles triangle is like the West pediment of the Parthenon. Beethoven's greatness is not in his form, which the smallest of us can copy, but in his ideas, his emotional logic, his architectonic power, which are beyond us all. The plain man, then, need not trouble himself overmuch about matters of musical form. In a few hours he can learn all that any of us know—all that Bach and Beethoven themselves knew—of the broad principles of scaffolding upon which all coherent music must be built. The rest is merely the superimposition upon that scaffolding of infinitely varied designs in correspondence with the infinite variations of human feeling; and all these he will best learn at first hand from the great men who have made our music. There is, indeed, no other way of learning it.

The piano-player places the possibility of this knowledge within the reach of every man; for the strong point of the instrument is that it opens out to the non-technical lover of music not only pianoforte music, but organ music, chamber music, and orchestral music, in the form of arrangements. It opens out to any ordinarily good singer the great song literature of the world by placing the most difficult accompaniments at his service. It can really do far more for him than the usual arrangements of orchestral and other works for the pianoforte have ever done or will ever do for the best pianists. There are limits to human technique. There are no limits to the technique of the piano-player. Only a dozen or two of the great organ works of Bach, for example, have been arranged for the pianoforte, because of the difficulty of adapting music written in three staves

to the capacity of two hands; and even the works of his that have been so arranged have frequently had to be faked in order to bring the notes within the span of two poor human hands. The piano-player can span a twentieth as easily as an octave. Here again the roll makers have been singularly short-sighted. They have cut orchestral works from somebody or other's pianoforte arrangement, with all its little dodges and imperfections, instead of having a proper piano-player arrangement made and cutting from that; and they have confined themselves to such works as have already been arranged for the pianoforte. There is no reason, for instance, why the organ chorale preludes of Bach that have hitherto defied transcription for two hands should not be made accessible to everyone in piano-player transcriptions. I see no limit to the good work of the piano-player in this respect. It will make plain people lose their irrational terror of good music by the simple process of repetition, for it is repetition, more than anything else, that purifies the taste of the piano-player user. At present a vast amount of mere rubbish is cut for the instrument. But every roll-lending library tells the same tale of a steady improvement in the taste of those who have used it for some time. People begin with ragtime, go on to musical comedy, and from that to classical music. The rubbish simply cannot stand the amount of repetition it gets. And while the piano-player is thus making good music a daily reality to thousands who would otherwise be barred from it, it is calling out unsuspected interpretative talent in many people. I have met with men without the slightest pretension to any book knowledge of music, who yet can play their Chopin or their Schumann with astonishing fire and understanding. All this is bound to have its effect in time. The piano-player will bring about a great many changes in our musical habits during the next twenty years or so, but that its influence will be overwhelmingly on the good side I do not see how any unprejudiced person can doubt.

I promised to say a word as to the position of the ordinary pianoforte teacher in the future. It is possible he will have less of his present kind of work to do as more and more homes have piano-players. (I doubt, by the way, whether in a generation from now it will be possible to obtain a pianoforte without a player inside it.) But the

intelligent teacher need not despair. He will simply have to convert himself from a teacher of five-finger exercises into a teacher of interpretation. There is an infinite field open to him here; and I fancy he will find the intensive culture of it much more interesting than the rough spade-work and the poor crop-raising by which he earns his living at present.

The Land of London

By W. M. J. Williams

In the "County of London"—made a county in 1888—there are 74,816 acres; and the approaching completion of the valuation of land under the Budget Act of 1909–10 in 1914, makes all pertaining to land so interesting and so important that some facts concerning the land of London should be useful in several ways. Time and again efforts have been made to know the value of London's soil, and to know who raise the toll upon the people of London, a toll which represents the result of the people's industry and need, every pound of it almost. Much of the marshiest land of old which lay by Father Thames' side is now bringing in a lordly rent to various owners, rents made possible, "created," shall we say, by the toil of successive occupiers and workers of the reclaimed soil in question. And this process of creating a new and higher value for the soil of London has gone forward for a long time over the whole of London's 74,816 acres.

The two outstanding facts respecting this area which concern us here are the growth in the value of London's property for assessable purposes, and the arrest in that growth which has been disclosed recently. It will be sufficient for my purpose if I refer to the facts that the "rateable value" of London in 1871 is given as £19,963,285, and that in 1910 it was £44,866,289. Then we have the significant figures—£44,550,464 for 1911, and £44,781,347 for 1912. When the last corrected figures were published, the figures for 1912 were still subject to alteration, but represent what was probably true. In result we have this leading fact, that from 1871–1912—41 years—a growth of nearly 124 per cent., or, in other words, the rateable value of London was 2¼ times as much as forty years ago. Our assessments for local taxation, and in London for both national and local taxation, are based on the joint value of site and structure combined, and in cases where there is land without a struc-

ture, and "unoccupied," no assessment is made for local taxation, nor will such a property be charged under the income-tax schedules, though since 1894 it may become chargeable with "death duties," which are assessed on "principal" or capital value.

This growth in the value of London property may be shown very interestingly also by means of the working of the well-known Leasehold System. Here are a few recent instances taken from the working of that system on the London estate of "the Crown Lands"—in the charge of the Woods and Forests department. It was given in evidence before a Select Committee of the House of Commons in 1889 and 1890 that the Crown estate was managed on principles identical with, and by arrangement with those who manage large private estates in London, such as are noticed below. Nos. 174–5–6 Piccadilly and Nos. 52 and 53 in Jermyn Street are now let for 80 years from July 5th, 1908, to Emil Danziger, and are known as the Piccadilly Arcade and Empire House, at an annual rent of £4,500, and the expenditure in erecting the buildings. The new buildings occupy the site of old buildings let previously under four separate leases at rents aggregating to £1,655 per annum. Here there was a growth in value of the *site* alone (for these reserved rents in such a case are "ground rents") of nearly 172 per cent.; in other words, the site was rented at nearly $2\frac{3}{4}$ as much as under the previous lease. Dr. Thompson, at 94 Portland Place and 8 Park Crescent Mews East, now rents a mews for 24 years from July 5th, 1911, for £260 a year, whereas £10 was the previous figure. Let us go to Westbury House, Kensington Palace Gardens, where Mr. Reyersbach has a lease from April 5th, 1910, at £182 a year. The site was let previously as accommodation land at £26 5s. annually. Here we have a specimen of the very different price for a site from that charged for the land uncovered. An interesting instance is found in the case of 162–3 Grosvenor Road, taken by Mr. T. Masui for $33\frac{1}{2}$ years from October 10th, 1909, at £500, whereas £140 was the rent paid previously for these sites. Regent's Park is very much in the public gaze these days, and the Earl of Chesterfield has renewed his lease on Scudamore House from January 5th, 1910, for $33\frac{1}{2}$ years at £382, whereas

the previous rents were only £200 per annum. The Conservative Club at 74 St. James's Street, where, curiously, values do not seem to be on the upward curve, has renewed the lease from April 5th, 1910, for 61 years at £1,630 (and, as in many of these cases, the surrender of a portion of the former lease, and in most cases the expenditure on the premises), whereas the former rents, together with the redeemed land tax, amounted to £1,376 17*s.* a year. The Argentine Club at 1 Hamilton Place and 8 Hamilton Mews, Piccadilly and Park Lane way, took out a lease from July 5th, 1906, for 59¾ years at £1,100 a year and a "fine" of £2,000 (and the expenditure on the premises), whereas the former rents amounted to £228 1*s.* only. A very significant instance is found in the reletting of premises in Regent Street to Messrs. Lewis and Allenby from April 5th, 1910, for 78½ years, at a total rent of £5,749 15*s.* 9*d.* (with redeemed land-tax). The rents of these premises—193 to 197 Regent Street, 17 New Burlington Place, and 61 to 65 Conduit Street—under the previous leases amounted to £265, *and* the yearly value of the premises at 61 to 65 Conduit Street, which were now bought by the Crown from the Corporation of London. This last property was not so valuable as the Regent Street portion of the property in the new lease. An instance of a different kind of property is found in the case of the Hotel Capitol, at No. 1 Regent Street, taken for 26 years from April 5th, 1910, at £1,340 and the surrender of the former lease and expenditure on the premises. The former leases reserved only £958 17*s.* 6*d.* (including redeemed land tax). The lease of Hanover Lodge, Regent's Park, was renewed from April 5th, 1910, by Rear-Admiral D. Beatty. It included 5 acres 1 rood and 2 poles, and the reserved rent is £400. Previously the leases reserved only some £49 19*s.* 6*d.* yearly. And, finally, here is the Central London Recruiting depôt in Great Scotland Yard leased to the Commissioners of Works and Buildings for 99 years from October 10th, 1908, at £2,000 a year and the expense of the buildings. The site, for the greater part, used to secure a ground rent of £1,530, but there is now included a small open space which was not in previous leases. The system by which leases are made to sweep into the ground lord's lap all the increment of value in the site is seen operating as between one public department and

another. These instances, together, exhibit the high figures obtained in ground rents reserved, and the increments of value from one lease term to another. It is true that the same list from which these instances are drawn give several instances of cases in which the amount of rent reserved was not maintained in the new letting; but that refers almost exclusively to Wells Street, St. James's, where, apparently, certain sites have not maintained the figures which appeared in former leases. It is probable that that was for some special local reason; for though the last two years have shown a drop on the total rateable value of London, it is not probable that that has told in these cases in the neighbourhood of St. James's. Whether the rateable value of London grow or decline, and the better opinion of the moment is that it may suffer decline for some little time, largely owing to suburban migration beyond the confines of "Administrative London," the instances now given illustrate the working of the leasehold system in London, and show how every addition to the value, the composite value of London property, may be annexed very largely by owners of the sites. Of course, this phenomenon in our social life is to be observed elsewhere, beyond the London area, as well as all around the Metropolis. Wherever the people congregate, business is done, and demand is operative and steady, there it is possible, there as a fact does the owner of the sites required reap a golden harvest from land into which he cast not a single grain.

In considering this question, no apology need be offered for bringing these personal matters to the fore. Persons have been mentioned quite fortuitously, because they happened to occur in an official report, and because they illustrate the working of the leasehold system by examples. There is a more important reason why we must not shrink from personal relations in this subject, but in practice we are bound to consider our institutions and laws in their bearing upon persons and individuals. Until Mr. Hyndman and Mr. Keir Hardie have succeeded in persuading us to be driven by them into renovated workhouses, into groups obedient to regulations promulgated by them, there will be the clear necessity of regarding individuals, their welfare, their power, their influence one upon another. The land question, not of London alone, but the land question

all over the country, bears upon the relative position of our citizens in a way more fundamental than any other material does. And is it not palpable that, in London, say, the possession of the soil makes the possessor very powerful, places in the hands of the possessors a power which influences every moment of the lives of the rest of the four and a half millions of London's population! No attempt to elaborate this truth is required; it is acknowledged and assumed by us all that those who own London's soil have the whip hand over the rest.

But it is forgotten most days of the year who these owners are. So many estates are in the hands of zealous, well-paid agents, and the occupier of the property seldom comes into touch with the owner—in itself a fact which is not without important consequences, probably. Our fiscal laws, too, shield our owners (in London) from recognition; for in local taxation the owner does not appear. An owner is not a ratepayer technically; to the rate-collector the occupier it is who pays the rates. It is scarcely necessary to point to an exception in the case of small properties for which a compounded rate is paid. Nor is it much more necessary to say that, though the owner is not a ratepayer technically, he does economically contribute to the rates of London, or any district in like case. But I refer to these things because in their degree they help to maintain the reserved, indistinct, almost impersonal position of the owner of a London property. There can be no question that the fact is to be regretted on many accounts; and as for rating, it is desirable that all the owners, as well as the occupiers, should be made rateable, and directly interested in assessment and in expenditure incident to local government. It is because of this, and because of the slight means of knowing London's owners which we possess, that I proceed to give a few facts concerning some of the larger London estates. I say a few facts, for the best of reasons, because it is only by much inquiry and diligent gleaning that one is able to say anything even about the size of an estate in London, so closely are all these things guarded, and so severely do all in authority, publicly and privily, discourage any inquiries. On the whole, however, in the few facts which are given below the reader may rest assured that he has information which has been sifted tolerably

well before it is placed before him. Not many words will be required after he has read them to convince him that the land of London, or much of it, is in few hands, and that consequently immense power is placed in those hands over the life and comfort, the whole condition of millions of human beings.

A ramble around London, and diligent inquiry, brings out the proportions of things in this regard. For instance, it is very well known that the Duke of Westminster possesses much property in London, but very few realise that it amounts to 850 acres. When it is added that it is in two portions, the Grosvenor, round from the Marble Arch to Bond Street, and comprising, therefore, some of the best property in the world; and the Belgravia, which extends from St. George's Hospital to Grosvenor Road on the river side, another magnificent property to which few in the world can compare advantageously. We have seen that the area of London comprises 74,816 acres, and the Westminster estate occupies 1·13 per cent. of the whole; so one man in every hundred, and more, is directly amenable to the office in Davies Street, which can influence each man's comfort and prosperity in a very serious manner and degree. About 51,000 of London's people are under the crack of the whip from Davies Street, on an average. Let it be made plain at once, that in saying so I do not desire to suggest any harshness on the part of the managers of the Westminster estate in London; but that evidently, being landlord, the Duke and his agents must wield enormous power over this choice portion of London, which in this case is wholly in the parish of St. George's, Hanover Square.

Among the London estates that of Dulwich College holds a very distinguished place. It comprises Dulwich Village, the College, the two schools, and the Art Gallery, and, of course, occupies a very important place in London, if only by virtue of its connection with our educational system. The "Charity" is largely eleemosynary in character, but still has it the educational note. The estates supporting it extend from Camberwell Green over Denmark Hill to within a short distance of the Crystal Palace, in a parallelogram almost a mile in width. The area is about 1,200 acres, some of which has been "developed" for resi-

dential purposes, but some remains still without house or other erection. As an instance of the growth of land value the history of this foundation is very remarkable, coming down as it does from the days of Edward Alleyne, the donor, in 1619. If the Westminster is typical of fine quarters in the West End, Dulwich College estate represents a suburban property of the first class.

In the Charlton district in the South-East there is the Cator estate of 650 acres; and I understand that in the almost suburban district of Beckenham there is another portion of this property. Touching the South-East, I may mention the Dartmouth estate, which is situate partly in Lewisham and partly in Islington, at the foot of Highgate Hill, and extends altogether to 340 acres. In the South-East district also there is the Barron estate, Eltham way, which comprises no fewer than 750 acres. In that same Eltham district is the estate ascribed to "Bean and another," which consists of 300 acres.

While referring to Eltham, I may take the opportunity of adding that a portion of the Crown Estate lies there. In London the Crown Estate has by far the most valuable portion of that estate now, and a portion still appreciating in value rapidly. Perhaps the kernel of it will be found on the confines of Whitehall; but if the inquirer were to start at the Hungerford Bridge on the Victoria Embankment, mark the Whitehall Court and National Liberal Club block, walk up Northumberland Avenue, mark the three "Gordon Hotels" and the Constitutional Club, cross Trafalgar Square to Waterloo Place, around the whole length of Regent Street to the Queen's Hall, and continue to Regent's Park, he would not cross much that is not within the "Crown Estate." It is by no means the whole of the London section of that estate, but it is the very centre and nucleus of the whole, the rents of which have been growing for a long season, and at the present revision of leases brings in large accessions to the reserved ground rents. The whole estate in London now comprises about five square miles, or 3,200 acres. The influence of such an estate, which is managed on principles identical with those governing the larger private estates, as we are told, must be very great upon the tenure of all property in London.

If we now move to another quarter of London, start to walk from Hampstead down Kilburn, through the Edgware Road, past the Marble Arch to Regent Circus, and direct our attention throughout to the eastern side of this walk, *i.e.*, in the Marylebone parish after leaving Hampstead, we find that the whole distance is comprised in four or five large estates. In Hampstead, West End way, is the Maryon-Wilson estate, which, with the Charlton portion, consists of 600 acres. Going southwards, we have St. John's Wood on the left, where the Eyre Trustees have 250 acres of fine property (some was sold to the Great Central Railway Company, of which more anon). Southward still, round into Oxford Street, and as far as the Pounceby P.H., we are skirting the Portman Estate of 220 acres, having the whole of Baker Street as its main artery. Thence forward to Regent's Circus is the Portland and Howard de Walden estate, all in one hand formerly, which comprises 260 acres, having Wimpole Street probably as its axis. It is quite evident that the important parish of Marylebone is ruled in some vital social matters by three or four men.

In the same way it will be found that in all parts of the Metropolis there are powerful ground lords whose mastery of the soil gives them so much power over the inhabitants. Up in Hackney there is the Amherst property of half a square mile, or 320 acres; in Bloomsbury and Covent Garden* the Duke of Bedford is master of 160 acres; around Berners Street lies an estate of that name of 20 acres; in the Kingsland Road the Benyons possess 150 acres. The well-known Cadogan estate of a quarter square mile, or 160 acres, is in Chelsea, near Sloane Street, and it has been transformed during recent years, at a great cost to the occupiers of houses, who also pay much higher ground rents; but at small cost to the landlord. In leathery Bermondsey we find the Carr-Gomme estate of 100 acres; and the Charteris Trustees have 160 acres in Millwall. The Royal estates of Lancaster and Cornwall in London are of very unequal size, for while the Lancaster has five acres, centring toward Waterloo Bridge from the Strand, the Cornwall Duchy owns 100 acres in Kennington and Vauxhall. In Camden Town we come upon the estate of

* This article was written before the sale.

that name, comprising 120 acres; and in Gray's Inn Road on the Calthorpe estate of 20 acres. Turning again to far-sundered suburbs, in Lewisham, once more, we have half a square mile, or 320 acres, belonging to the Corbett estate; in Streatham the Crook-Ellisons have 160 acres; the Craven estate in Paddington includes about an acre only; but the Cotton estate in Hampstead 160 acres. In Streatham, again, the Drew Trustees possess some 300 acres; and the Du Cane Trustees 160 acres. The De Crespigny family are masters of 110 acres on Denmark Hill. A well-known estate in Deptford is the Evelyn, which comprises 170 acres. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners hold an immense property in various parts of London, which together includes about 2½ square miles, or 1,600 acres; and it is understood that in this is not included the "Paddington" estate, or Bishop's (of London) land, which comprises 120 acres of that superior property lying to the west or Paddington side of Edgware Road from the Marble Arch. In the Catford district is a large estate, the Forster, which comprises 1,000 acres; by the side of it the Fitzhardinge estate of 23 acres, Berkeley Square way, is a minor, but still the Fitzhardinge property is valuable, and implies a deal of power.

Turning to the West and South-West districts, we have the Holland Park property, belonging to Lord Ilchester, of 180 acres. Then Fulham Road way we come upon the Gunter property, which comprises 195 acres. In crossing from Holland Park to Gunter's, we traversed the late Edwardes property, which used to belong to Lord Kensington, but was sold about six years ago to Lord Iveagh and others. It covers all that residential district from Wright's Lane to the West London Railway, having Earl's Court Road as an axis. In Putney and the district there is the Leader estate of 180 acres, and in Roehampton the Lyne Stephens and the Lane properties, each of 160 acres in extent. Swinging again to the South-East, we find the Llangattock estate in the Old Kent Road and Bermondsey occupying 130 acres. In Blackheath, Lea, and that district is the huge Northbrook estate of 1,200 acres; and the North Trustees hold 160 acres round Eltham. We turn northward, and in the Mansfield Road district we get the Mansfield estate of 150 acres. On our way perhaps we may

cross, around the Rosebery Avenue, some of the New River Company property (which Company still holds lands and houses) of 50 acres; and in Clerkenwell the Northampton estate of 200 acres. The Norfolk estate in the Strand now is only five acres, but exceedingly valuable; and with it may be mentioned the Salisbury estate of seven acres, in the Strand (Hotel Cecil way) and in Charing Cross Road. Among other smaller estates of this valuable sort may be noticed the Phillimore of 10 acres, from the Kensington High Road to Campden Hill; the Penton estate in Pentonville of 50 acres, and the Southampton estate of 14 acres about Stanhope Street, W., and elsewhere. Before leaving this section I will add just a reference to the St. German estate of 900 acres in Lewisham, the St. Quintin in North Kensington of 130 acres; the estate of (the late) Hugh Colin Smith in South Kensington of 160 acres; the Tufnell in Pentonville of 110 acres; and the well-known Tredegar property in the Mile End Road of 65 acres.

With the exception of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, I have not yet made reference to estates held by more or less public bodies. As inquiry goes forward it is borne in upon us that a large and growing portion of the land of London is in the hands of such bodies. The London County Council, our central authority, now holds $2\frac{1}{4}$ square miles altogether, or about 1,440 acres, which, no doubt, will prove a great convenience and advantage. The City of London holds 230 acres. That should be distinguished from the London estates of the Livery Companies, of which we have the Skinners' Company with three acres; the Clothworkers' Company with 130 acres, Islington way; the Goldsmiths' Trustees, 160 acres around Lewisham, not to add their property in Acton; and the Mercers' Company some 360 acres in various parts of London. It is not realised every day how the Railway Companies are acquiring large blocks of the land of London. I have referred already to the acquisition by the G. C. Company of a portion of the Eyre estate in St. John's Wood, in order to bring the line into Marylebone Road. Other railway properties consist of 320 acres belonging to the Midland, 350 acres to the Great Eastern, 310 acres to the London and Chatham, and 320 acres to the London and South Western Company. Other corporations holding estates in London

are the Exhibition Commissioners of 1851, about 30 acres still, in Exhibition Road and district in South Kensington; the Foundling Hospital, 40 acres in Bloomsbury; St. Bartholomew's, 50 acres in various parts, and St. Thomas's 100 acres, chiefly in Hackney. The Prudential Insurance Company has 400 acres in various parts of London. Among the Colleges holding London property we have Magdalen College, Oxon, with 300 acres in Wandsworth; and the Morden College, with 150 acres in the Blackheath district. The Middlesex County Council possesses 160 acres within the London limits.

And so we might proceed to enumerate the results of inquiry showing large blocks of London's land in the hands of one large proprietor after another. Among estates which I observed, and have not mentioned, are the Sloane-Stanley in Chelsea of 100 acres; and Queen's College, in the Plumstead district, of 170 acres. The Rhodes Trustees, too, have, in Hampstead and Hackney, some 160 acres. And is not this sufficient to show how large and important the holdings of these greater possessors of London's soil, these great landlords who are in a position to modify the condition of tenure and to influence, therefore, the whole life of the rest of London's four and a half millions!

It is not disguised that the renewed interest in the great question of the tenure of land makes these facts of special interest at the present time. The rumour, which has been confirmed officially lately, that the Government proposes to deal at an early day with the whole question of tenure heightens this interest greatly. These facts about London land and its landlords touch the urban aspect of the question only; and at the moment the political hue and cry is over the state of the labourer, agricultural land, and housing. But whenever a real attempt is made to deal with the holding of land in the interest of the whole people, of course, the case of the town as well as that of the country must be taken in hand together. They are inseparable. The dweller in town suffers from the concentration of power and authority over the soil in the hands of a few quite as much as his country brother, and the case is undoubtedly acute.

As for London's case, the instances brought forward in this paper will illustrate the acute position, the helpless

situation of the ordinary occupier, small and large. Who is he when he gets into the hands of the agents of these landlords and great corporations! He is tied to a spot, or to a district; and the position is what may be termed a "stand and deliver" one. There is no disposition to make any representations in these matters which will reflect upon landlords personally, but it is more and more widely felt that the conditions of tenure are essentially unjust to the individual, to the fruitful citizen, and that the landlord reaps where he has not sown. This is felt, and felt keenly, on such an estate as the Crown's, as well as on that of the private landlord. In Regent Street at present, where leases are tumbling in very frequently, and will be doing so probably for some years, it does not make the process of renewing the lease, rebuilding premises, and agreeing to harsher ground-rents any more grateful to the individual occupier that the rents are payable to the Crown Estate. The essential conditions of tenancy are regarded, and surely justly, as harsh and burdensome.

Before dismissing this contribution to a large and pressing subject, it may be remarked that the Land Values Duties of the notorious Budget of 1909–10 have not done anything to mitigate the chagrin of the town occupier, or anyone else. Of the four duties—Increment Value, Reversion, Undeveloped Land, and Mineral Rights Duty—only the last, so far, has yielded revenue of such an amount as to be appreciable; and that does not touch the problem of the land as seen in London and other urban centres. The valuation of all land, which is to be completed by 1915 (and maintained quinquennially), must surely have caused much more apprehension in some quarters as the possibilities of such a cadastral document are contemplated. The principle, indeed, of the four Land Values Duties may be said to strike deep and go far; for it was put forward frankly that their ultimate justification was the fact that the values of land, in a more direct and special sense than others, are created by the labour and needs of the community at large, and are therefore a legitimate object of taxation. This position may not yet have been realised fully by "the man in the street," nor eke by many a tradesman in his shop; but it is certain that the grievance is rankling, that there is an indefinite looking for relief, a

growing dissatisfaction with a system of tenure which sweeps swelling values into hands which have not busied to create and produce them. If private property in land is to be maintained, it would seem imperative that some of these values should be used to relieve the taxpayer and the ratepayer, to relieve both of them; and the present epoch-making valuation should prove a decisive step in that direction.

It may be pointed out that in the case of London the present is a critical time in regard to this matter. The rateable value of administrative London seems to have reached a maximum, and is being affected by the centrifugal action of the suburban exit. A compensating method of assessment is required. Suburbs and districts around London are growing in assessable value, while that of London is falling. The cure can come only in two ways in this case. The Government for national purposes can levy a tax on values, especially on new values, and distribute the revenue on an equitable basis. It can and will have to reconsider the boundaries of London, so that a population which is interdependent shall be brought, for local purposes, into the same local unit. But these are related matters of a large sweep which I have brought forward as involved in the many aspects of the treatment required for the land of London. The few new facts I have gleaned, and the suggestions made, I venture to bring to the notice of Londoners particularly, believing also that they are concerned with matters vital to the comfort and continued prosperity of both the metropolis and the regions beyond it.

Stanley Houghton: The Man and His Work

An Appreciation

By Anthony L. Ellis

THAT was a fine saying of the ancient Jewish fathers reconciling themselves to the miracle of death: "Moses died; who then shall not die?"—Moses, beloved of Jehovah, who took him up into Heaven and there (so runs the Talmudic legend), as he lay on a couch of gold, kissed him. And because "no man might look upon his face and live," the Prophet died upon the kiss of his God. So, with a Pisgah-sight of glory, died Stanley Houghton, under the kiss of a too-loving Fate that had dowered him with so many rich gifts.

We who knew him well loved him for his sincerity, his gentle charm, his generosity of mind and heart, his impish humour, his quaintly gracious angularities of manner, his reticence of spirit, his sensitive pride. When he spoke his words were well-chosen, but without pedantry. His opinions were stoutly held, but hard to come by. For all the strength of his convictions, when he gave expression to his thoughts it was with a pretty hesitancy, a slight air of charming self-deprecation, a great deference to his opponents in debate. Temperamentally he was a rebel, a spiritual anarchist, wishing to take a hand in modelling the world anew, but incapable of shouting his message in the market-place. The tall, spare figure, parading certain pleasant signs of dandyism, seemed always too fragile for the harsh conflict of life. The boyish face, with its aquiline nose something too delicately chiselled, the mobile lips a thought too sensitive, and the far-seeing, eloquent eyes of the born master of words, was haggard with fever of the soul. He was a little afraid of the future; a little startled at his own success. What agony of mind he suffered when a play from his pen was withdrawn from the London stage after

a few days' run, only certain of his more perceptive friends realised, and even from them he masked his pain by a brave show, not of stoic indifference, but of smiling defiance. Yet he could not quite conceal the anger that flamed at moments in his eyes or the pain that trembled on his smiling lips. He had a great gift of happy laughter that enabled him to enjoy his sudden success with boyish gusto. There was something of Puck in his composition; something of Apollo too.

The true character of Stanley Houghton the man was reflected with singular clearness in the work of Stanley Houghton the artist. For he was, above all things, an artist, self-conscious and deliberate in his aims and method. Much more as he would have done had he lived, his work is not to be dismissed lightly as "full of promise." It amounts to a considerable achievement. Merely to recognise the freshness and the force of *Hindle Wakes*, his instinctive "sense of the theatre" and his facility for "telling" dialogue is not to pay full tribute to his gifts. Relatively small as was his output, a critical survey of the whole reveals its author as a dramatist of singular force and a daring and original thinker; a man who had something new to say, of which the exact value cannot be justly estimated until all its aspects be collated. *Hindle Wakes*, by which he will be longest remembered, is no happy fluke, but a magnificently balanced artistic effort, finely sustained and splendidly wrought. Dazzled by its exceeding brilliance, the critic is apt to undervalue its author's other efforts. The quality of genius illumined his best work like the pale flame of sheet-lightning, but the very virtues of its qualities obscure some of the splendour of the achievement. The dramatist's method seems so remotely impersonal. There seems to be such a complete detachment of personality from the work in hand.

Examine the whole content of it, however, and its author emerges as the dramatist with ideas—not a teacher, but an artist whose thoughts are part of the essence of his work. *Fancy Free*, a miniature gem which combines the polished artifice of Oscar Wilde with the gay, non-moral wit of some audacious *boulevardier*, *Hindle Wakes*, *The Younger Generation*, and *Trust the People* show clearly the temper of their author and his outlook on some of the

most vital problems of our time and all time. Instinctively aristocratic and therefore individualist, Houghton was no respecter of persons, and laughed at the pretensions of the classes as genially as at those of the masses, and gaily satirised the ideals of both. In *Fancy Free* and *Hindle Wakes* he showed his frank contempt for current British standards of sexual morality—in the former with an appearance of levity which shocked the puritan, in the latter with a logical intensity of reason which struck the voice of the pharisee dumb. In *Trust the People*, which with some difference in the method of production would have had, I believe, a happier fate, we find the *motif* again in the conflict of contemporary ideals of sexual conduct with an honester code.

So severely objective, however, was Houghton's method, so consistently did he tell his story, with such terse economy of means, that his intellectual force and spiritual vigour may not receive their due appreciation. But regarded as a whole, his plays are a powerful dissolvent of conventional ideals; they are charged with a splendid energy of disintegrating criticism. He did not sit in Olympian calm scanning the petty doings of mortal man with untroubled eyes, but made it clear that his sympathies were with the rebellious of this earth, the whole glorious league of the divinely discontented against despotism—whether it be the despotism of the fireside autocrat, the moralist, or the democrat.

It is the inherent weakness of all realistic art that it is exposed to the easy charge of being photographic. To a certain extent Houghton's work was photographic, but only to that degree which renders a photograph a faithful likeness of detail. For the rest, the invincible truthfulness and vital force of his character studies were due to deliberately selective art, fortified by a native *flair* amounting to genius for rejecting inessentials with almost unerring judgment and retaining only the right phrase, the very pith and marrow of dramatic dialogue. His conversations depicting the life of the Lancashire mill-folk and *bourgeoisie* were not mere gramophone records, but brilliantly observed speech, the essential stuff of self-revealing character.

To sum up, Houghton at his best was a great dramatic

artist—not an idealogue, but an artist who wove his thoughts into the fabric of his plays. He was not a controversialist first and a dramatist afterwards. He did not dogmatise. He did not stop his play to sermonise. He did not let his characters pause in their action to preach from the stage. What he wished to say they said for him in word and deed. And that is the way living drama is made. Had Stanley Houghton lived he would soon have overcome the disturbing sequels of a great London success and, I believe, would have done much more work of the highest value, his method remaining austerely objective as ever, the idea-force of his plays increasing with the expansion of his intellectual powers and his increased opportunities of observation and experience.

As it is, however, comparatively small as may be the volume in which his dramatic genius finds expression, it is splendid in its quality—at its best, a standard of craftsmanship and a challenge to thought. Stanley Houghton, alas! is dead, and we mourn the man and the artist. But his name will survive in the dramatic literature of our generation. For he was in his life and in his work assuredly of that glorious company to whom it is given to interpret some of the obscurer chapters in Life's "infinite book of secrecy," to mould into forms understanded of men some of the beauty and the wonder of the Vision Splendid.

The State and the Family

By the Editor

"ROUND about a Pound a Week" is not the title of a musical comedy, but of a little report on the economic conditions of life in Kennington and Lambeth, compiled by Mrs. Pember Reeves and others of the Fabian Women's Group, as the result of four years' investigation. It deals with wages ranging between 18*s.* and 26*s.* a week, with people in regular labour, and not the poorest by any manner of means in the district. The men earning round about a pound a week are the respectable folk, permanent workers; for the most part they are painters' labourers, plumbers' labourers, builders' handymen, dustmen's mates, printers' labourers, potters' labourers, trouncers for carmen, or fish-fryers, tailors' pressers, railway-carriage washers, carmen for Borough Council contractors, or packers, and most of them have wives, who are described as "quiet, decent, keep-themselves-to-themselves" kind of women.

A word as to local atmosphere: "Early in the morning men come from every door and pass out of sight. At different times during the evening the same men straggle home again. At all other hours the street is quiet and desperately dull. The inhabitants keep themselves to themselves, and watch the doings of the other people from behind window curtains, knowing perfectly that every incoming and outgoing of their own is also zealously recorded by critical eyes up and down the street." On the whole, the investigation revealed very little drunkenness. Most of the women, when questioned about their husbands, answered: "'E's all right." The children attended school regularly. The monotony, the regularity of life struck the investigators as the keynote of the area—the dull, sordid struggle for bare existence.

Let us now turn to some tables, which speak for themselves. Here is a printers' labourer. Average wage, 24*s.* Allowance to wife, 20*s.* Six children:—

	s.	d.
Rent	8	0
Burial insurance	1	8
Boot club	1	0
Soap, soda, blue	0	4½
Wood	0	3
Gas	0	8
Coal	1	0
	12	11½
Left for food	7	0½

Here is another case. Average wage, 23*s*. Allowance, 20*s*. Four children :—

	s.	d.
Rent	8	0
Burial insurance	1	0
Coal	1	6
Oil and wood	0	4½
Soap, soda, &c.	0	5½
	11	4
Left for food	8	8

Mr. L., builders' handyman. Wage, 23*s*. Allowance, 19*s*. to 20*s*. Six children alive :—

	s.	d.
Rent	6	6
Burial insurance	1	0
½ cwt. of coal	0	8½
Wood	0	2
Gas	0	6
Soap, soda, &c.	0	4
Blacking	0	1
Boracic powder	0	1
	9	4½
Left for food	10	7½

The remarkable thing about these budgets is the small amount left for food after all other necessaries have been paid for. When the pinch comes, food is the elastic item. Here is a railway-carriage washer. Wage about 20*s*. to 21*s*. a week. Three children. An extraordinary husband, who brought home to his wife his entire wage :—

	s.	d.
Rent	7	0
Clothing club	1	2
Burial insurance	1	6
Coal and wood...	1	7
Coke	0	3
Gas	0	10
Soap, soda	0	5
Matches	0	1
Blacklead, &c.	0	1
	12	11
Left for food	8	1

Average per head for food all round the family, 1*s.* 7½*d.* a week, or less than 3*d.* a day. As a working man cannot do on less than 6*d.* a day, or 3*s.* 6*d.* a week, the mother and children are thus reduced to 1*s.* 1¾*d.* a week, or *less than 2d. a day.*

A printers' labourer. Wage between 20*s.* and 26*s.* Six children :—

	s.	*d.*
Rent	8	0
Burial insurance	1	8
Boot club	1	0
Coal	1	0
Gas	0	8
Wood	0	3
Soap, soda	0	4½
	12	11½
Left for food	7	0½

Average per head for food all round the family, 10½*d.* a week, or 1½*d.* a day.

Here are some other authentic statistics, dealing with 8 carmen, 8 wives, 30 living children. The general average for the 8 women and 30 children is 1*s.* 2⅝*d.* per head a week, or 2*d.* a day. Ten children died, the total number of children being 40.

A group of 3 printers' labourers with 18 children. Average for women and 18 children, 10¼*d.* a week, or 1½*d.* a day: only two children died.

The average for the families of 2 horse-keepers is 1*s.* 4*d.* a week, or 2¼*d.* a day. Nine children, two dead.

Three plumbers' and painters' labourers with 15 children. Average, 1*s.* 1½*d.* a week, or almost 2*d.* a day. Seven children dead.

And the average for all the women and children within the investigation is 1*s.* 5½*d.* per head a week, or 2½*d.* per head a day. This average being based on the supposition that the man cannot do with less than 6*d.* a day for food, and the average being based on six weeks' observation. When clothes have to be bought, when sickness occurs, down goes the budget on food at once.

Here is the author's conclusion :—

"That the diet of the poorer London children is insufficient, unscientific, and utterly unsatisfactory is horribly true. But that the real cause of this state of things is the

ignorance and indifference of their mothers is untrue. What person or body of people, however educated and expert, could maintain a working man in physical efficiency and rear healthy children on the amount of money which is all these same mothers have to deal with?"

The investigation shows that 7*s.* to 8*s.* must be spent weekly on rent alone. What are these houses like? Mrs. Pember Reeves gives her analysis of thirty-one families, and her answer is the *death-rate* :—

Families.	Children born.	Dead.	Death rate.
31	186	46	24·17

Arranged according to rent, this table shows :—

Rent.	Families.	Children born.	Dead.	Approximate death-rate.
Over 6*s.* 6*d.*	12	72	9	12 per cent.
6*s.* to 6*s.* 6*d.*	7	39	7	17 "
Less than 6*s.*	12	75	30	40 "

So much for the mortality. The conditions of these places are appalling. Here is the usual one. A family of eight, and the room accommodation is three. In a double bed in one room will sleep father, mother, baby, and ex-baby, while in another room will sleep the four others. And these are not slum people. By no means. The majority of these places are verminous. Measles or any other infectious disease just go round the bed as a matter of course. When a new baby is born, the mother does not get her bed to herself—the husband sleeps there and the baby sleeps there too. Where else can they sleep? Here again are some statistics.

1. Man, wife and three children : one room, 12 ft. by 10 ft.; one bed, one banana-crate cot.

2. Man, wife, and four children : one room, 12 ft. by 14 ft.; one bed, one cot, one banana-crate cot.

3. Man, wife, and six children : four rooms; two beds, one sofa, one banana-crate cot. Wage 22*s.* One double bed for four people; cot in corner. One single bed for two girls. Sofa for boy age eleven.

4. Man, wife, and five children; three small rooms; two beds, one cot; one double bed for three persons, cot beside it; one wide single bed for three persons.

But why continue? In none of the bedrooms are there

any washing arrangements, for the simple reason that there is no room for them. Cooking equipments are absurdly inadequate. Clothing, Mrs. Pember Reeves declares, is a "mystery."

One of the strangest things about this true tale of horror in the richest country in the world is the attitude of these people towards funerals and their curious horror of "Black Mariah." It is stated that something like £11,000,000 a year is paid in weekly pennies by the poor to the industrial burial insurance companies—money which should be utilised to secure better and more food—because of this peculiar conception of thrift—not for life, but for the circumstance of death. They will not be buried by the Borough.

Professor Bowley, calculating that 8,000,000 adult men were employed in regular occupations in the United Kingdom, estimated that of these 32 per cent., or nearly one-third, were earning, at full-time work, less than 25s. a week, that, therefore, 2,500,000 adult men were living in the conditions described by Mrs. Pember Reeves. It is no use getting excited about this fact, if only for the reason that so long as these men and women submit to be thus housed and fed, in the main it is their affair. All who have lived among the poor testify to their astonishing bravery, generosity, and even gaiety, and were it not for the problem of the family there might be no real cause for anxiety. Unfortunately the problem is that of the family—the little children who, in turn, are to be the soldiers and workers of the State.

Christianity here fails utterly, as dismally as political economy. These men and women being human, and marriage being the only institution open to them, they enter into it absurdly young and breed as irresponsibly. The problem resolves itself into this great question of the family which incidentally is the basis of most religious ethics and of what is called civilisation. Economically it is obviously ludicrous for the poor to marry, nor is it that they do not want children, because they do want them, for such is the nature of man. But children bred in these conditions

cannot grow into healthy men and women, and that is why, as Mrs. Pember Reeves suggests, sooner or later the State will have to take up the matter.

It may very soon be forced to. The failure of strikes, the difficulties of the sympathetic strike, the failure even of successful Socialism (as in Germany) may quite conceivably turn the minds of labour leaders to another form of strike which, without involving any stoppage of labour, any misery or any uneconomic warfare, would bring the nation, and combined would bring all the Governments of Europe, to immediate and absolute submission—the strike of human life. The poor, indeed, have but to get hold of the principles of Malthus, to agree among themselves not to bring offspring into the world, and no State could resist them. A strike on those lines would paralyse the whole foundations of capitalism, while economically vastly improving the lot of the individual working-man. He might still marry, but like those in better conditions, he would avoid a family. Nothing would be simpler to carry out for a year, once the masses understood its significance and grasped its possibility, and no pressure could be more effective. With a population falling to pieces, the State would have to yield to any demands imposed upon it; would, as a consequence, have to take upon itself the problem of the proletarian family; see that it was adequately housed, fed, educated, and buried, for the alternative would be race extinction.

It is odd that the poor have never thought about such a strike, but it will be odder still if, as they grow rapidly more and more enlightened, they do not organise themselves to that purpose. For the family is the poor man's problem, as it is that of the nation. At once, the whole machinery of authority and government would crumble down before such a strike, and now that women are beginning to take an intelligent interest in public affairs the incentive to such a movement might quite well emanate from them. It is certain that the poor have it in their power thus to strike at the heart of the nation. And probably that is the only way in modern conditions that any mass movement, revolt, or even revolution, can hope to succeed, seeing that capital can always out-starve labour.

There is, of course, the economic side, the argument of machinery, that if a man can only turn out 25*s.* worth of value a week, therefore his wage cannot be 26*s.*, or 1*s.* more than his value; and there is also the argument of the machinery itself, which dispenses more and more with human labour. Economically viewed, such logic is doubtless incontestable. None the less, it is the theory of political economy which in practice has never effected anything. For this life is not a world of logic, and the greatest power in it is humanity. The exponent of the machine theory may be right, but he is only right from one point of view, the point of view of production. And the more the machine view holds and forces itself upon the minds of the people, the greater will grow the human view, because it is the creative force of life. The theorist leaves that out of account. But it is there none the less, always, and obtrudes itself generally when least expected. Teach the workers that they are machines, and they will learn to control their lives and themselves, like machines. And then—why, then they may learn how not to have families, how thus to bring to a standstill the very machinery of production, of which they themselves are the fuel.

Men of all parties may turn to this little work for thought and information. It is far more interesting than any modern novel, an instructive book to begin the year with. Such a matter as Home Rule pales before the significance of this. And the solution of it would seem to come down to these two remedies only: either the State takes upon itself the care and the problem of the little children, or the poor decide to have none. Of the two, the State can have no doubt as to which is the cheaper.

On the Down

By Anthony Wallis

I.

So fair, so fair!
The wash of air,
The open Down,
The sea of sky,
With the great clouds sailing by,
Too fair—too fair.

Oh world, thou art so fair
And yet an empty show,
Life spreads before the gaze
Of those whom to and fro
She drives in empty ways,
Oh world, thou art too fair.

We may not lift the veil,
We cannot look behind.
All nature here we find
Conspires to lull our fears,
And she would dull our ears
With tumult of the gale,
And she would close our eyes
With pageants of the skies,
With shadows as they pass
Among the whispering grass.

Oh world, thou art too fair,
An empty, hollow show,
Life spreads before the gaze
Of those whom to and fro
She drives in empty ways.

II.

The day broke fair—such a day of delicate scents and sailing cloud as comes once in a lifetime—a memory to be treasured. A quiet pervaded the morning, a sense of expectancy. A single thrush, perched at the end of a low-hung bough of apple, sang gaily. Far in the distance a cuckoo called.

Bordering the horizon, faintly blue in the early mist, stretched the long line of the downs, coomb and hollow traced in palest shadow.

This was the day to which she had looked forward, on which for a month past all her hopes had been concentrated, and now that it was come a sense of languor, of disappointment almost, stole upon her. As she dressed, looking over the plain to the distant hills, the calm of the morning made itself felt. She knew that they would meet at noon up there by the patch of darker blue—the gorse covert capping the highest down. They were to lunch together at the little inn on the edge of the common, and afterwards to wander through the beech woods, in the rustling hollows, by the hanging shaws, under a canopy of tender green.

* * * * * *

Into the beech wood, guarded by the white beams and tender with the transparent green of opening leaves, she passed; a tiny wind wandered with her, rustling over the dead-brown carpet; fragrant and fresh it played with the delicate motes drifting from the sunlight above and murmured at her ear. Out into the bright air of the open Down she passed, the grass whispered and bent, the shadows of the slow clouds swept across the great open spaces.

She lay upon the warm turf, the odour of crushed thyme filled the air, a single bee worried a tiny head of blossom—hesitated a moment and passed down the wind.

All was very still, a hush fell on nature. The Down, the waving grass, the great blue stretches of heaven, the scent of thyme, became oppressive; they were as innumerable bands of finest gossamer restraining the soul, as a mist obscuring the sight. It came to her that the threads could be broken, the mist dispelled, were she but brave, perhaps, did she but know the mystic word; that this solid, this

beautiful earth was but a dream and were it shattered she might wake into the perfect day.

Then something happened, it seemed as though a voice called—his voice—very far away, but so clear that in a moment she was on her feet gazing towards the highest line of the Down. The air shimmered with the heat. It still wanted half an hour to the appointed time; he would come at noon, he could not be there yet. She moved slowly in the direction of the gorse covert.

A great cloud shadow came sailing over the plain spread out below, the warmth of the landscape died out as it advanced, here a church spire, there a tiny cottage started into sudden existence and vanished as suddenly. Half dreamily she likened it to the approach of death, slow, inexorable, reviving forgotten memories and tinging life with gloom. . . . No, it was a charge of cavalry sweeping on to storm the rampart of the Down; they were through the foot hills, they were racing up the escarpment, they were on her . . . clear and low came the voice. She raised her eyes quietly to the hill, it lay cold, bare, empty. The wind suddenly whispered at her ear, she shivered.

Beside the gorse covert she sat down, leaning against a green bank, the remains of some old British cattle pen, and gazed out over the plain to the northward. Her broad straw hat sheltered her from the sun, which now shone warmly.

He would come from behind, from over the shoulder of the hill, following the thousand-year-old track. It was her fancy to lie quite still and await his coming, nestled down against the bank. She would hear his footsteps; when he was quite close she would see his shadow, and then, and not till then, turning, she would hold out both her arms. . . .

A numbness crept over her, she was weighed down with the hollowness of life, the futility of effort; this great empty down, the vault of sky, were so aloof. The early morning had half deceived her with its beauty, the world was so kind, so fair then, but now at midday her spirit failed, a sense of uncertainty, of desolation, of despair overcame her.

From below, breaking her reverie, was borne the sound of a bell—the hour. Her breath came faster, every sense was alert. Yes! there was the sharp tap of a boot against

a flint, and then, clearly and more clearly, the swish of grass, the sound of steps; slowly, almost haltingly, they approached, hesitated, and then advanced. She held her breath—she would not look round, she would wait until she saw his shadow. Nearer the steps came, nearer, very near . . . suddenly, sharp and clear, she heard his voice: "Lucy, I have come." The blood rushed to her heart, she turned her head—the Down was empty.

M. Anatole France comes to London

It was rather an event, this coming of M. Anatole France to London, and, no doubt, was so to the collectors of autographs, and to not a few of the beautifully gowned ladies who received the great literary Pagan's benediction. Otherwise the reception was curiously typical of the utter want of system and distinction which mar most artistic celebrations in this country. M. Anatole France is the greatest living writer in Europe. One might have supposed the Press and our men of letters would have united to honour him.

Not at all. There was a big dinner one night, it is true, a miscellaneous affair of smart women, writers, a few public men, and others, and speeches were made, and there was much table-cloth ceremony with champagne, toasts and comity. Noticeable was the absence of young literary England. The Authors' Society, the one body constituted in the name of writers in London, did nothing, as if its two thousand literary members had no concern with the Frenchman, and no right of say in this public testimonial to his genius. If some of our big writers were there, it was a poor representative gathering, and the one man living who ought to have spoken a few words in the name of English letters, Conrad, the great writer of the sea, in his way an artist surely the peer of M. France, was not even present at the dinner. Nor were Cunninghame Graham, John Morley, Frederic Harrison, Henry James, George Moore, Frank Harris, Hudson—Dear me! to enumerate the absent would be tiresome; the point is that many of the real writers of this country were conspicuous for their absence, as they generally are on these occasions, owing very largely to the systemless, interested way in which such receptions are organised, and the fact that the writers, as a body, have neither system nor organisation of their own.

However, M. Anatole France was duly honoured, and we may be sure he smiled to himself at the joke of the big, convivial courtesy. And the joke was two-fold. He

and John Lane, his publisher here, constituted one; the other was that M. Anatole France is a pronounced fighting Socialist, as fierce as Jaurès in his pronunciations, in short, anathema to all the authority, wealth, interest and institution gathered at the tables to welcome him there.

In this country, M. Anatole France is really regarded and penalised as an "immoral" writer. His books have been subjected to Library ostracism, and when John Lane published "Le Lys rouge," there was something like a hue and cry, as there was about "Mrs. Warren's Profession," "Waste," and how many novels recently published in England, at the bidding of the unliterary commercial gentlemen who earn their living by running libraries, and those who write anonymous condemnations in the name of "social purity."

Let us be quite clear about it. Rank, fashion, and the British Institution met at dinner to render honour to the man who has been publicly branded here as an "immoral" writer; because, in fact, M. Bergeret positively terrifies the uneducated powers who control literature in London. And just as Sudermann's "Songs of Songs" was placed on the Index, so was "Le Lys rouge." So was Nietzsche, until the untiring industry and public spirit of Dr. Levy rescued him from oblivion; and so are most of the great foreigners. How many of the good people present at the dinner expressed resentment at our recent moral condemnation of M. Anatole France? Almost certainly, had many of them known that he also was a Socialist, a real Marxian theorist, a fellow like Hyndman or Ben Tillet, there would have been a nakpin stampede of our "penguins." Fortunately for England's dignity, at the dinner people did not think of these things. It was an event, a sensation. Many of the same people would have dined for a guinea to see Nietzsche, whom we still regard as a "blackguard," Sudermann, whose books we turn off the bookstalls, Strindberg, whom we call "mad," Ibsen, whom we think a "fool," or any celebrated Russian, Pole, Jew, Italian or Portuguese, though all their works had been commercially banned and they themselves were super-Syndicalists in their respective countries.

Yet no one apparently sees the sublime humbug of the whole thing. There was Lord Cromer bowing to a

red Socialist. There was Mrs. Grundy smirking for an autograph from a man whose works she would never tolerate on the drawing-room table alongside of Mrs. Florence Barclay and "How Jack Swallowed the Turnip."

In the chair one of two men ought to have sat—Thomas Hardy or Conrad: neither of them sat there. For a gathering of national literary talent, it was almost as unsatisfactory as that represented at the feast given to George Brandes.

To do public honour to a man whose books we allow uneducated business men to ban and denounce, and whose political opinions we, as a nation, profoundly disapprove of, is nothing less than organised hypocrisy; and to be sure no member of the Government took the smallest notice of him. The Government, at any rate, was honest. If M. Anatole France were an Englishman, he would be keelhauled all down the line by all the Bishops and the "big" little men who wag things in public life: as Socialist, Pagan, and "indecent" writer, and probably half the newspapers would refrain from criticising his books; certainly none of the "public" men who attended that dinner would have broken bread with an English Mr. John Bergeret—"enemy of the British Empire and purveyor of adult thought and heresies."

M. Anatole France knows all this, Pardi! He has seen our side of the "penguins," that is all. That is why so many literary men who would have liked to do him public honour were absent from the dinner. *Les absents ont tort.* No, not always. Those who were not there paid M. Anatole France the truest homage. They were not there because in a society of organised humbug and commercial self-interest such as ours, they did him the honour to respect themselves.

S. O.

Books

ECONOMIC

THE EFFECTS OF THE FACTORY SYSTEM. By ALLEN CLARKE. J. M. Dent and Sons. 1*s*. net.

It is nearly twenty years since Mr. Clarke first garnered and published the central facts anent the evil effects of the factory system, and to-day he tells us that conditions are worse than they were then. That the conditions of mill life are bad we very well know; that the much-vaunted pre-eminence of Lancashire has been purchased at a terrible price in human comfort and happiness no one can doubt, but we should have been inclined to pay much more attention to this indictment of the factory system had the author been more up to date. To quote statistics for the early 'nineties, and then inform us that conditions are the same now is not convincing. It must not be understood that we are defending the Lancashire cotton industry. We are not. We believe that the case against it is black—probably as black as Mr. Clarke paints it—but we do not get the best evidence in this book. And the best available evidence is needed. If the author of *The Effects of the Factory System* could be induced to burn all he ever wrote on the cotton industry, and then start again on the same subject, eschewing the generalisations of a generation ago, we should probably get one of the most damning indictments ever written of this or any other industry.

THE EMANCIPATION OF ENGLISH WOMEN. By W. LYON BLEASE. David Nutt. 3*s*. 6*d*. net.

We are glad to find that Mr. Blease has not confined himself to the political aspect of the woman's question, but has dealt with it on broad lines, and considered economics, sport, the professions, and the like—if but sparingly—as well as the suffrage movement. "The intellect is overcoming sexuality. Women are treated as friends where, forty years ago, they would have been treated as potential wives," and we are inclined to agree that this alteration in law and custom marks the progress of one of the greatest revolutions the world has ever seen. Of the present militant suffrage movement the final estimate "must be left to posterity," which "has an awkward habit of treating the excesses of reformers with indulgence, and of judging their opponents pretty strictly upon the merits of the case, and it is impossible to suppose that all the blame will rest upon one side." A very useful book.

THE WORLD OF LABOUR. By G. D. H. COLE. Bell. 5*s*. net.

In the space at our disposal we cannot hope to deal with more than a fraction of this book. It is too encyclopædic. But we can and do endorse the claim of the publisher that it is the first exhaustive study of trade unions and trade unionism that has appeared since Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb issued their *Industrial Democracy* some years ago. More than that: It is by far the most informative and the best written book on the labour problem we have ever read. The author deals with living facts and indicates the lines upon which he believes trade unionism will develop. The first thing necessary is greater intellectual development among the workers. "The present muddle in the world of labour comes partly from lack of intellectual opportunity; but partly from intellectual indolence." Our chief criticism of the book is that it is too detached; the author does not make us feel that he is writing of the workers as one who really knows them—knows them, we mean, by

actual contact, by having lived a worker's life. Not that he tries to do so. He is a student, writing from Magdalen College, Oxford, and consequently must write as a student. But that is the difficulty with nearly all labour publications. The men who write—and write well—of labour, are mostly onlookers. Perhaps, in the future, we shall have a clear statement of the worker's position by a worker. Until that time comes, if it ever does come, the book under review holds the field as the best discussion of labour's difficulties and aims. It is a great book.

BRITISH RAILWAYS. By W. R. LAWSON. Constable. 6*s*. net.

As might be expected from the chairman of the Railway Shareholders' Association, Mr. Lawson's chief concern with British railways is the dividends they pay, which "No one can say are either inflated or unearned," and the value of railway stock. He divides his book into six sections: Financial, Historical, Technical, Commercial, Administrative, and Political. Under these headings he finds room for nearly everything that can possibly affect railway working, and, had he confined himself to statements of fact, and resisted the temptation to attack those whom he considers the enemies of the railway interests, Mr. Lawson's book would have made one of the best reference books on the railway question that we have yet seen. But he does not keep merely to facts. For some strange reason he imagines that Parliament now regards the railways as its natural enemy. "Even solemn engagements entered into by the Government with representatives of the railway companies are not safe from Parliamentary repudiation." A strange statement in view of the gentle—not to say generous—treatment accorded to the companies when the Railways (No. 2) Bill was passed in March of last year. Apart from these blemishes, however, the book contains an amazing amount of information, and we hope railway shareholders will peruse and profit by it.

THE STORY OF THE C.W.S. By PERCY REDFERN. 3*s*. 6*d*. net.

We have long since ceased to hope for perfection in any scheme of society, or in any form of industry, so long as human beings are so frail and self-seeking as they so manifestly are. But, although we despair of perfection, we are glad to note that certain organisations, both social and industrial, have eliminated many of the worst characteristics of our modern social system. The scheme of mutual help known as the co-operative movement has been singularly successful in this respect. In these days it is difficult to realise that co-operation was once regarded as a most revolutionary idea to be crushed out ruthlessly by "enterprising" private business firms. As, for instance: "In June, 1872, the *Grocer* came out with a schedule of eighty-four London or southern firms, from prominent biscuit and jam makers to wine merchants, and from manufacturers of blacking to providers of pork pies, all of whom declared themselves as refusing to do business with co-operation on any terms or in any form." There are few wholesale merchants who would refuse the orders of co-operative societies to-day. The book before us, however, does not purport to deal with the whole story of co-operation; it is primarily concerned, as its title indicates, with the Co-operative Wholesale Society, which is a federation of co-operative stores, existing for the purpose of buying and producing goods for their use. It sells goods only to the stores, and the extent of its sales may be gauged from the fact that it makes an annual profit of about £600,000. Over two million members are claimed by the stores federated to the C.W.S.

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

THE TALE OF LOHENGRIN, KNIGHT OF THE SWAN. By T. W. ROLLESTON. Presented by WILLY POGÀNY. G. G. Harrap and Co. 15*s*. net.

Mr. Rolleston's ballad is exceedingly simple and admirable. He has acquired the form with great skill. The coloured illustrations, too, are

not altogether bad, though somewhat reminiscent of Arthur Rackham. There are, however, a number of other drawings whose merit is not great; they recall in a husky whisper the work of Aubrey Beardsley and Osman Spare.

MYTHS OF THE HINDUS AND BUDDHISTS. By SISTER NIVEDITA and ANANDA COOMARASWAMY. George G. Harrap and Co. 15s. net.

No better volume exists for anyone who wishes an introduction to the study of Oriental literature. In stately and excellent English we find summaries of practically all the important religious documents of both Hinduism and Buddhism. The stories are told simply and literally without useless and prejudiced criticisms. The text thus forms a worthy monument to the late Miss Noble, who gave up her life to the study of India as it is. Her clear and unbiassed mind has done more for the interpretation of the East than the hostile and uncomprehending studies of so many others. But were the text worthless, this volume would still be worth purchase by any lover of the East. There are thirty-two illustrations in colours and gold by modern Indian artists. I must confess that, having been accustomed to the rubbishy modern work which is habitually foisted upon the undiscerning tourist, I expected nothing. But these pictures are equal to the very best examples of ancient Indian art.

The simplest and most comprehensive criticism that I can make is that they prove the existence of Young India.

If a parallel development should occur in literature, the reproach of Ganga will be taken away.

OUT OF THE DARK. By HELEN KELLER. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.

This volume consists of reprints of a number of essays and lectures written or delivered by the famous blind girl whose courage and attainments have brought her fame. Helen Keller's work stands in a class by itself, and must be judged by different standards from those which we apply to ordinary writing and ordinary propaganda. She is a propagandist of genius, of less, perhaps, than is generally imagined, but certainly of some. There is nothing creative in her thought. Her writings are a mass of good intentions, inspired by the casual flames of the progressive movements of the day.

But she has the propagandist spirit, a burning enthusiasm and an infectious belief. Add to that her bravery in desiring to enter fully into the intellectual life of her time in spite of her infirmity, and you see why America, and not only America, listens to her as to a prophetess.

A BOOK OF FISHING STORIES. Edited by F. G. AFLALO. J. M. Dent and Sons. £1 11s. 6d. net.

This very beautifully produced book is not as monotonous as books of the sort usually are, owing to the variety of writers. Mr. Sydney Buxton's article is the only one which the ordinary fisherman will find at all dull. I should like, however, to give special praise to Sir Thomas Esmonde's article on "Lough Derg," Sir Henry Seaton Karr's Collection of Reminiscences, and, more fascinating still, Lord Desborough's article on Tarpon. But best of all do I find the paper on "Sea Trout" by Sir Edward Grey, and I am constrained to quote the last sentence in his article. Mysticism is not the muddle-headedness of cranks. The best men are always capable of rising to that exalted consciousness in which the ego has no part.

"There are times when I have stood still for joy of it all, on my way through the wild freedom of a Highland moor, and felt the wind, and water, and light, and sky, till I felt conscious only of the strength of a mighty current of life which swept away all consciousness of self, and made me a part of all that I beheld."

This comes as a great relief to minds nauseated with such shallow amateurishness as Maeterlinck's.

BOOKS

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE OF SPIRITUALISM. By HEREWARD CARRINGTON. T. Werner Lawrie. *7s. 6d.*

If any further proof were needed of the utter unreliability of the reports of so-called scientific investigators in spiritualism, this book would furnish it. Mr. Carrington's logic cultivates the enthymeme to a point rarely reached hitherto. He begins by asserting that 98 per cent. of all phenomena are fraudulent, and explains how very difficult it is to detect the fraud, how many feats, impossible in Nature as stated, can be done; but he is equally dogmatic about the 2 per cent. which remain. He, Carrington, has excluded all sources of fraud, and therefore fraud is impossible. Further, it does not appear to him conceivable that his own powers should be at fault. Yet the only medium on whom he places any reliance is Eusapia Palladino. To anyone reading Mr. Carrington's account of the American *séances*, or even to anyone reading the very much better account of the sittings she gave at Naples to Messrs. Feilding, Baggalay, and Carrington, it will be evident how very difficult it is to discover from the report what is really taking place. I had the opportunity of cross-examining the stenographer of the Naples *séances*, and came to the conclusion that the report was in many respects most misleading. I also noted that a controller is not necessarily to be believed when he says that he is holding the medium's hand, even in a good light. At one of my sittings with Eusapia my attention was attracted to a left hand exploring the cabinet. My common-sense told me that this left hand was Eusapia's; but it was "impossible," because I was holding her left hand. Not till then did I notice that I was not holding it. It is entirely a question of attention. The fact of observing a phenomenon so-called makes it impossible to observe the conditions of control at the same moment.

There are, further, very strong objections to Mr. Carrington as an observer on several grounds. For one thing, he is what at school is usually called "cocksure"; for another he has committed himself to various statements with which it is hard to agree, such as that food does not nourish the body! And he has also been associated with those American experiments in weighing the soul, of which at one time we heard so much. With regard to the American *séances*, moreover, his account differs essentially from that of Professor Münsterberg on the plainest questions of fact.

Mr. Carrington does not seem to appreciate at all the extraordinary quality of the evidence that we should require before admitting the reality of such phenomena as those on which he bases his case. One should remember that the whole of spiritualistic phenomena can be divided into a very few classes, and that all those recorded can be produced by fraudulent means, given the right kind of observer. I think I am right in saying that no phenomenon has ever been produced in the cabinet when a wire screen was placed between it and the medium, so as to render it impossible for manipulations to take place. I think that a very few sittings with the best mediums would convince any sane person, with a smattering of psychology, that there is at present no case whatever for further investigation.

MY BELOVED SOUTH. By MRS. T. P. O'CONNOR. G. P. Putnam's Sons. *10s. 6d.*

In these days, when we are all trying to dance negroid dances, people will find a useful source of guidance in the very pungent dialogues and pronouncements of the darkies revealed in Mrs. T. P. O'Connor's quite charmingly sentimental book of her home "way down South." Not much can be said in the way of criticism of her methods, because they are so wholesomely and wholeheartedly feminine that they are almost certain to delight a large section of the British public. But some of the stories are very good indeed, added to which Mrs. T. P. O'Connor is a very human being who is not afraid to hold up the mirror before herself so that all who read can contemplate the lady who was author of another

volume called "I, Myself." And there is certainly very real interest in the book because of this truthful picture of Southern life of which we hear and know so very little about. Reading it, it sounds sweetly pretty, and one is apt to forget the brutality of lynch law in those parts, and the furious struggle of colour that is going on in America. Mrs. T. P. O'Connor sees only the humorous side of the "darky" and the humorous side of the "white man"; where they clash is not her concern. Perhaps it is as well, for with the delightful picture of the author in the frontispiece one would not like to imagine any unpleasant words falling from so picturesque a personality.

CLIO, A MUSE. By GEORGE MACAULAY TREVELYAN. Longmans, Green and Co. 4*s.* 6*d.* net.

This is a wholesome and straightforward corrective to the modern theory of "History as a Science." Mr. Trevelyan does not ask so much whether history *is* a science, or even whether it can be treated as one; he stops short at the preliminary question: ought it? And he answers emphatically—no! His contrary point of view may be read out of every one of the eight delightful essays comprised in this volume; out of none more clearly than the first which is an admirable *résumé* of his arguments. These arguments are borne out by facts. History has lost its interest, and therefore its educative value for the masses, because it is too dry. There is not enough art expanded upon the telling; we lack the personal touch of cultured, liberal-minded scholars; we want their comments, their summarised views upon men and events.

This is all perfectly true, and expressed with uncommon clarity and vigour.

But how shall we re-acquire that personal touch? Why has it gone? Why could the Greeks figure forth a Muse of History, whereas we cannot? The reason is simply this, that the Greeks dared to express their opinions. But with us it is different. Clio, the radiant Muse, must be good enough in England to identify her interests with those of an antiquated theocratic morality; she is become the handmaiden of a tiresome and unlovely mistress. Our liberal-minded scholars would never dare to give their truthful comments and conclusions upon historical questions; their professorial chairs, their worldly reputations and what not, would be endangered by treating history as a humanistic art and as literature. That grand old barrier, Genesis yclept, stands in the way. That is why they take refuge in documents and impersonalities; that is why they leave sternly alone those generalisations which, as our author well knows, are able to give colour and attractiveness to their narrative. And that is why history is dull, and why so few sensible modern people are ever caught opening a so-called historical work. So things will remain, despite Mr. Trevelyan, until we have acquired a clean body of ethics, corresponding to modern needs and modern knowledge. It is useless pouring new wine into old bottles.

CLAIRDELUNE AND OTHER TROUBADOUR ROMANCES. By MICHAEL WEST. Harrap and Co. 15*s.*

One of the most charming of Messrs. Harrap's recent publications is this *Clairdelune*—twelve Troubadour tales of the moonlight, transcribed by Michael West. The book is appropriately got-up. The romances are told in the simplest language; there are musical interludes, written by Alfred Mercer; and the illustrations, suggestive of the old pictures on parchment, are wonderfully reproduced in their soft but luxurious blending of colours.

THE SPLENDID WAYFARING. By HALDANE MACFALL. Simpkin, Marshall and Co. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.

Mr. Macfall's enthusiasm is infectious. A man hears and reads so much about "art" nowadays that his first impulse, on seeing a large

volume devoted to the subject, is to lay it aside for that proverbial rainy day which, in such cases, seldom comes. But to Mr. Macfall art is not a body of dry generalities, but a living thing that makes for happiness and health—he discourses of its protean aspects sanely, cheerfully, and with conviction. There are many chapters in this work that should be taken to heart by the critic whose business leads him to explore this domain, for they contain an abundance of fresh thought, brightly expressed. All this quite apart from the fact that the book, considering its cheap price, is beautifully produced.

EDINBURGH REVISITED. By JAMES BONE. Sidgwick and Jackson. 5*s*.

Even readers of slender purses have no excuse for remaining unacquainted with this unusually fine description of Edinburgh. It is a book full of style and breeding and insight, a book to cherish. The author has caught the very spirit of the old grey town. We warmly recommend his pages.

FEMINISM

THE VOCATION OF WOMAN. By MRS. ARCHIBALD COLQUHOUN. Macmillan. 4*s*. 6*d*. net.

THE FUTURE OF THE WOMAN'S MOVEMENT. By MRS. H. M. SWANWICK. With an introduction by MRS. H. FAWCETT. Bell. 2*s*. 6*d*. net.

Mrs. Colquhoun's book is written in admirably graceful English, with the courage of reactionary conventionality, and an utter disregard for inconvenient facts. She scores in her indictment of competitive examinations for girls, in her plea for architecture and gardening as feminine professions, and her suggestion that women will achieve more in science than in creative art. But she relies wholly on tradition to interpret "the distinctive feminine psychology," and bases her social theory of the family on the assumption that patriarchal marriage is necessarily monogamous, which history disproves, especially in Asiatic civilisations. She consistently opposes divorce reform, and defends the penalisation of unmarried mothers (urging the mortality among illegitimate children *as an argument!*) and of that heterogeneous class to whom she refers as "outlaws" and "free-lances." If periphrasis is really necessary here, to spare our blushes, why not quote Lecky's "most efficient guardian of virtue"?

Assertion is not argument: "de-masculinised males" and "mild and washy" do not strike us as terms specially applicable to the personality and beliefs of, say, Cunninghame Graham, Frank Harris, and Bernard Shaw. Why the cheap sneers at the working-man's wife? And—did Mrs. Billington Greig's article on The White Slave Traffic appear in the *July* number of the *Englishwoman*?

"The Future of the Woman's Movement" is like a bracing wind after the stale atmosphere of privilege and platitude, and doubly welcome compared with the frantic excursions of Miss Pankhurst into statesmanship—and biology! It is a triumph of condensation. We cannot understand Mrs. Swanwick's hesitation between the respective merits of "Wages for Wives" and maternity endowment; but her criticism of militancy, and parallel between the commercialised exploitation of war and of sex, are very striking. While rating continence highly as a virtue, she does not demand that women should be hoodwinked or bullied into observing it. She pleads for "the clearest knowledge, the closest thinking," and the adaptation of human institutions to human needs: "You will have to replace semi-savage tabus with science." We should, indeed, have been spared much bunkum had Mrs. Swanwick remained editor of the *Common Cause*. Her plea for investigation and recognition of individuality, instead of "cheap and easy generalisation," is as sane and pithy as it is fine, and, without any boasting of "unusual opportunities" or experience, her book shows knowledge of the conditions of life in all classes, not only among people of means and leisure.

FICTION

La Vie et la Mort de M. Lagentois, rentier. Roman. Par Albert Dulac. Paris: Calman-Levy. 3.50 francs.

A close and intimate study of a French type, which gives, incidentally, a truer impression of average middle-class life in France than many more ambitious works. The author's evident desire to avoid exaggeration tempers the irony with which he records the cold cruelty of the fate that converts the commonplace but fairly decent Paul Legentois, professor at a provincial Lycée, into a man of property. Ironic Destiny, in making Paul "lord of himself, that heritage of woe," failed—as it does so frequently—to equip him with a single strong passion, or even hobby, as a guide through life. Keen observation and quiet humour are shown in the slow decline from his early revolt against the idea of an aimless existence to his final slavery to the absinthe which destroys him, without, however, seriously diminishing the social consideration secured by his wealth. Paul's experiences in flat-furnishing, platonic philanthropy, education of the working classes, stamp-collecting, gardening, and fishing, are so many rearguard battles against the besetting *ennuie*, which absinthe alone can effectively keep at bay. His "love" adventures are no more successful. Marinette, his "lazy, laughing, languid Jenny," Marceline, "une maitresse en société anonyme," and the passionate and courageous Annie Servan, leave no trace in his story, except to envenom the fear of compromising his tranquillity—his last idol, and the dominating influence of his life.

The World and Mr. Freyne. By Mrs. Alfred Wingate. Melrose. 6*s*.

A novel written on a semi-scientific basis *à la* Oliver Lodge and the early Mr. Wells. It concerns metempsychosis and the modern theories connected with the possibility of an ultimate analysis of the life principle. There is a scientist who has made a discovery, and a clergyman who blunders upon the revelation. Freyne, who is the reincarnated person of the book, adventures into a hard and unbelieving world with the mental status of an infant and the appearance of a healthy youth. Adventures of all kinds follow. When we get the Wells-Anstey reminiscences out of our head, there is much to enjoy in the tale, which sparkles with occasional flashes of wit and irony. The social satire which runs through it is cleverly handled. The *naïve* state of Freyne's mind is used to satirise a score of our most cherished traditions and ideas. The author, through the innocent mask of her puppet, pokes ridicule and fun at many of our most perfectly arranged bits of humbug. The sentimental novel is hit off with rare good humour. Freyne, whose mind is made to appear in a state of comical innocence, models his love-making on the six shilling novel of to-day. "'I love you—I have loved you since first we met! Is it possible that you can love me?' At this moment Mary saw that her husband had entered the room." A delightful scene. An excellent stage comedy could be made from the material in this amusing book.

Abdul Hamid's Daughter: The Tragedy of an Ottoman Princess. By Melek Hanoum and Grace Ellison. Methuen. 6*s*.

Miss Ellison has not made it quite clear how far this work is her own, and how far it is that of the "heroine of Pierre Loti's *Désenchantées*." Nor has she made it quite clear how far it is actually true and how far it is fiction. The plan of putting the story in the form of fiction destroys much of its interest, for such value as it might have would rest mainly upon its authenticity as a true account of Leyla, daughter of the Sultan Mourad, and Aïché, daughter of Abdul Hamid. Regarded as fiction, it is a highly coloured story, written in mock-Loti style, of the filching of the Princess Aïché's husband by the beautiful Princess Leyla, of Leyla's attempt to poison Aïché, and the vengeance effected by the envious slave-girl Djavidane. Leyla, brought into the presence of the Sultan, is reported to have said to him: "My crime is the continuation of

your work! Did you ever think of what you were doing when you killed my father? Yes, Sultan, it was to humble you for one day, one hour, that I ruined the lives of both Aïché and Edhem." The Sultan is said to have wept.

We see no conceivable reason why the authors, who declare their story to be in essence true, should find it discreet to tell it as fiction rather than as fact. The conclusion is obvious.

HAGAR. By MARY JOHNSTON. Constable. 6*s*.

There is a charming flavour of the Southern States of America about this novel. It reproduces something of the air of indolence and aristocratic dignity in which they resemble Spain to a certain degree. Apparently there is no Southern literary tradition. Miss Johnston writes like a New Englander, a modern follower of the school of Hawthorne, who would seem to be her master. "Hagar" is pretty and old-fashioned, yet its sentimentalities, its gentle ironies, are contrived with such grace that one accepts them for what they are meant to be—delicate images of a world forsaken by all reality, creatures of some extinguished planet whence all the brutality of existence has ebbed away. The life of Hagar, the heroine of this gentle tale, is traced from her early childhood, when she collects money on a packet-boat for an unfortunate passenger, to the time of her struggle for literary recognition in New York. As she grows up, there is a good deal of the kind of talk that passes for the interchange of ideas in America—the rattling of big names and long words together in a conversational box. But all is bright and kindly.

GREAT DAYS. By FRANK HARRIS. John Lane. 6*s*.

We have heard a good deal lately about technique, and to many Arnold Bennett's recent confession in *The English Review* that in his mature years he was drifting away from Flaubertism and the craft of Maupassant came as a rude shock. It is true we are always having shocks in this country, particularly so in the world of letters. A few years ago Mr. Garvice appeared, as if from the depths, before the areopagus of literary artists, blazing forth as the most successful novelist of his time, yet hardly one of his "mates" knew him or had ever even heard of him. With style these anomalies are always happening. There is, in fact, no English style, as there is in French, with its almost mathematical rules of grammar and composition, to defy which is to be classed at once as an illiterate. In our tongue, personality comes through more than the form, so that though Carlyle, Ruskin, Pater, Meredith, Kipling, broke almost every precept laid down by the grammarians of the King's English, these are the men who we have to recognise as masters, not the leader-writers of *The Times*, or the schools that periodically rise to try to lead English letters in the direction of some French writer, and when such big men arise we bow, even if we let fly at them in anonymous press onslaughts.

These confused thoughts are apt to intrude upon the reader of "Great Days," a novel by Frank Harris. As editor, essayist, critic, financier, as the author of a splendid work on Shakespeare, as Elizabethan, as the best story-teller living—in these capacities we know Frank Harris: now he has become a novelist. Let me record my honest impression of the book. In style it is frankly impressionist, curt, abrupt, told in the manner of the writer of the short story, bent chiefly on swift and daring impressions. It begins like an autobiography. Then it appears to be an historical novel, an attempt to conjure up England under the reign of "Boney." Next we find a dash of Marryat; now, the whole thing becomes a privateersman's tale, a Christmas story for adventurous boys, great deeds about "cutting out" French ships, running in bales of silk into harbour, and all that jolly kind of thing, etched in with little scenes, as vivid as Maupassant, of sailors' life ashore in French *cafés*, which are not for our youngsters at all. Next, we have love (not the love of our

novelists), episodic, natural, secondary, as it were, as real love is to men of action, and, of course, our hero is that. And then Frank Harris comes into his own. He gives us Napoleon, a little study very carefully conceived and drawn, quite remarkable in its power of presentation, and after that we get an equally arresting study of Mr. Fox. Fights there are enough for a whole Christmas family, one splendid sea-dog business and another between the hero and the bully with the bare knuckles. And there are good women, too. Yes, Frank Harris has drawn a "good woman" whom finally the hero marries, and all about the book there are characters which stand out and become very memorable to us. Thus the father of the hero, one of the girls of the village, the French girl, the men around the hero, why, when it comes to that, most of the characters are interesting, though all the while we cannot help thinking what a strange motley of a novel it is, with its philosophic disputations on Jesus, *more* Tolstoi, its pithy paradoxes, its literary manner as were the whole thing a leading article, its swift changes of scene and disregard of the unities, its power and sometimes grandeur of expression, its want of form, its charm, even its beauty. A strange book! A book of the sea which is real, a book which lives in the mind. Something positive, this, anyhow. And, thinking of the many novels I have read during the last twelve months, I can say honestly that *Great Days* seems to me one of the most interesting and powerful in the literary sense of de Quincey: because it has the true power of creation.

THE VAUDEVILLIANS. John Long. 6*s*.

The author of *The Vaudevillians* remains discreetly anonymous. For it is perfectly obvious that she (for the author is evidently a woman) is writing from life, probably of actual persons she has known, events that have happened. The author has no literary graces, and the construction of the plot, so far as it can be said to be constructed at all, is artless. But if there is any value in so-called "documents," here at any rate is a document. It is evident that she has not invented characters; she has reported them, and so accurately that even when their conversations are irrelevant to the story, when they contribute nothing to the action, they still palpitate with life. The book is an account of a strange, flibberty-gibbet world, music-hall artists of every degree, stars and fill-up turns, acrobats, coon-song singers, and pantomime boys. Here we have them on and off the stage, in London, in the provinces, in America, lavishing money when they have got it, subsisting as best they may when they have not got it, drinking beer and champagne, eloping occasionally with the wrong girl, a cheerful, brawling, jealous, reckless crowd. To Coralie herself, the heroine of the novel, a "star," are given many finenesses of character generally denied to the rest; the story of her marriage to a boorish, "lady-killing" artist, who made her life intolerable, and the duplicity with which an international music-hall agent endeavoured to get her into his clutches, avoids the merely sensational effect of melodrama because it is so obviously taken from fact. The reader may be assured that this is a picture "from the inside" of the life of the variety artist.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

WAR AND WOMEN. By MRS. ST. CLAIR STOBART. With a Preface by VISCOUNT ESHER, G.C.B. G. Bell and Sons. 3*s*. 6*d*. net.

Mrs. Stobart's little book may be read as a sort of footnote or latter-day supplement to Sir Edward Cook's biography of the Victorian heroine. The writer would seem to have some of the characteristics of Florence Nightingale, and, like her, she faced danger and endured privation mainly in order to show what women can do in the most difficult practical affairs, and how much more they might do if they were allowed the opportunity.

She was the founder and directress of the Women's Convoy Corps, which was intended to train women for first-aid nursing and auxiliary work between the front and the base hospitals in war in a thorough and systematic manner. When the Balkan campaign began Mrs. Stobart took a detachment of her corps out to Thrace, set up a hospital at Kirk Kilisse, and nursed many hundreds of the Bulgarian and Turkish wounded. The contingent was entirely feminine; the commandant, and the doctors, as well as the nurses, cooks, dressers, and hospital assistants, were all women. No male person had anything to do with the enterprise, except the soldier orderlies and interpreters placed at Mrs. Stobart's disposal by the Bulgarian authorities. Lord Esher, in his preface to the volume, in which the record of this striking adventure is modestly and pleasantly set forth, bears testimony to the value of the work. Mrs. Stobart, he says, "has proved by experience and example what women can achieve in war"; and he adds, "it is impossible to resist her plea for a reconsideration of the place assigned to them in the scheme of national defence." For Mrs. Stobart has come back from the field of war, like Florence Nightingale, a reformer and a crusader. She is convinced that the Red Cross Society is doing its work in an entirely inadequate fashion; and she insists that women must be given a definite status in the Territorial organisation, and must be regularly enlisted, paid, and properly trained in peace for the duties they will be required to perform in war. Voluntary Aid Detachments, amateurish and imperfectly instructed, will be only a nuisance and a danger when the "real thing" comes. All that she writes on these matters is worth serious attention; for it is based, not only on mature thought upon the whole subject, but on practical experience acquired in a great campaign. Lord Esher agrees with her in her main conclusions. Both these authorities have resigned their membership of the Red Cross Society, and urge that a more efficient organisation—such as exists already in Russia and Japan—should be created. Mrs. Stobart's book should be read, not only for its intrinsic interest, but because it seems likely to mark the beginning of a very important movement.

GOLDWIN SMITH: HIS LIFE AND OPINIONS. By ARNOLD HAULTAIN. Werner Laurie Ltd. 18*s.* net.

There is a sub-acid flavour in this book—a flavour not due to the biographer's idiosyncrasies, but to those of his hero, the "revered chief" whom he served for eighteen years. Goldwin Smith was a man who never fulfilled the promise of his youth, and whose every utterance was tinged with dogmatic irritability. It was not so much what he said, as the nasty, uncompromising way he said it. In fact, the fellow had a knack of being right—in a general way. Disraeli, who had given him an unenviable portrait in "Lothair," was "a contemptible trickster and adventurer"; Gladstone was "not a statesman"; Browning wrote "obscure essays in bald verse"; Harnack is "pretty shifty and shuffling"; Swinburne—"a ranting and raving creature"; J. R. Green's History is "a string of facts interspersed with disquisitions. He was an antiquarian rather than a historian"; Emerson's "wisdom seems to consist of obscure platitudes, and as to his prose, it is a cataract of pebbles." And so on! There is an element of truth in all these statements. Goldwin Smith's was a lucid mind. But the *suaviter in modo* and the gift of seeing more than his own side of a question was denied him.

By a sound method, by deft touches and reminiscences, Mr. Haultain imperceptibly conjures up for us a clear image of the cantankerous old thinker. The book, however, must not be regarded as a biography: it is a record, chiefly, of conversations and opinions. God knows why Goldwin Smith should have been exacerbated—he was so rich and so comfortably housed that most people would have envied his lot. An excess of biliary secretion, possibly. . . . Also, he bothered his head overmuch with those ephemeral but annoying questions of politics.

POETRY

VERSES. By E. A. Erskine Macdonald.

It is difficult to praise these extraordinary verses as one would like to do while the censorious spirit of criticism at present abroad would so instantly fasten on the "debt" to Rudyard Kipling—whom the author acknowledges as master. But it would be a sorry day for England if she could not produce two patriotic and imperial souls independent of each other. There is no technical borrowing whatever. One does not wish to hail the pupil—and E. A. is quite certainly a voice of youth, even of adolescence—as greater than the master; but most assuredly Kipling could not have written even the lines most reminiscent of him.

Consider the opening quatrain of "To a Young Enquirer":—

"When you find your whole life shattered
'Neath the whelming waves of doubt,
When your faith is torn and spattered
And your dogmas are in rout; . . ."

and the final stanza of "Try Again":—

"You must hold your own position,
Crushing down the opposition,
And can leave the fight's fruition
To your General Jehovah."

This is not derivative, not imitative. In a sense, it strikes a new note in English poetry, though the test of time must be applied before we can claim admission for it to the highest class.

Youth is the keynote of these verses, yes; but the author is not too young to have loved.

"And best of all, I love thee as a friend,
O fellow seeker of a mutual end."

might have been written by no less than Catullus.

Nor is he too young to have suffered, and to have learnt the lesson of suffering:—

"I thank you God that of your grace
You have seen fit my soul to purge,
That from my heart's most wounded place,
One perfect poem might emerge."

More than one of these poems is perfect in its way.

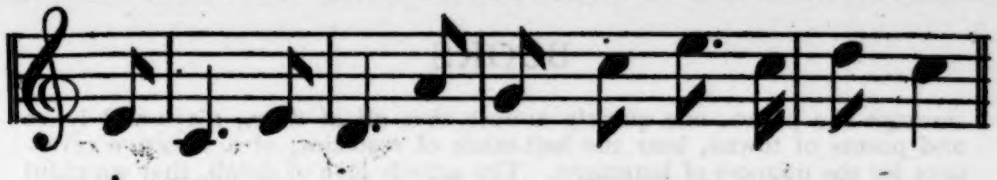
COLLECTED POEMS BY FORD MADOX HUEFFER. Max Goschen, Ltd.

In the present superfoetation of the Muses, the Collected Poems of Mr. Hueffer come as a great relief. Here is a real poet. He does not boast of having lived only in slums. He does not proudly proclaim that he refuses to scan or rime. He is a real man and thinks real thoughts, and he expresses them in a rugged yet musical form. There is a good deal of passion, a good deal of shrewd sense, a good deal of human sentiment, which never lacks virility. Some critics have remarked that his style resembles Browning, but Browning has not the charming inconsequence of Mr. Hueffer. Even in Browning's best lyrics the schoolmaster's ferule of intellectualism keeps the fairy class in order.

This writing is excellently simple in thought, and the thought is always pure in the true sense of the word. He sees cleanly. He can write, "John kissed Jane," which is a very difficult thing to do when so many people insist on writing "The wicked John—Heaven bring him to naught!—kissed the good Jane—Mary Mother have mercy upon her!"

So much in this book is excellent that I do not wish to quote, and I sincerely trust that my readers will see to it that they gain rather than lose by my omission.

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF MARGARET L. WOODS. Lane. 5*s*. net.

It is a pleasure to have the poems of Mrs. Woods brought together from their various temporary quarters into this goodly volume. Glancing

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"Mrs. O'Connor's book is full of good things."—*Academy.*

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, 24, BEDFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.

through the pages, one quickly notices that all of them, plays and lyrics and poems of towns, bear the hall-mark of restraint, of a sensitive reverence for the nuances of language. The artistic love of detail, that watchful and inquiring spirit which has struck so many readers of her novels, is here revealed to the fullest extent. Humanity in its strivings and achievements, its joys and sufferings, would seem to touch her more strongly than the wild forces of nature; yet she has moods of pure lyricism exquisite in their simplicity. Unlike many modern songsters, she is not derivative in the least. The past does not appeal to her because it is the past, but only in so far as it serves her purpose: to explain and render sympathetic the present. Everywhere we detect a trained and truthful mind bent upon original questionings, testing all things, hard to satisfy. How thoroughly she can saturate herself with a *genius loci* may be seen in the really notable drama, "The Princess of Hanover." It is a clear presentment of affairs, written with zest and a remarkable dramatic insight.

TRAVEL

CAMPING IN CRETE. By AUBYN TREVOR-BATTYE. Witherby. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Trevor-Battye, as is his wont, has approached his subject in the right spirit. He camps out in caves, enjoying his converse with shepherds and other simple folks, studying plants and rocks, and gaining incidentally all the blessings of an open-air life in a good climate. He takes us to wonderful gorges, to the summit of Mount Ida, and to many lonely and abandoned sites; he is always full of zest and good cheer. There are things in this book that will be of particular interest to the naturalist, such as the author's account of the ruthless destruction of forests and the wonderful flora of the island. Some appendices contain valuable information on its past life and present industries.

AMAZING NEW YORK. By MARY M. BROWN. Melrose. 1*s.*

We are glad to see these stimulating papers reproduced in book form and rescued from their tomb in the pages of the *Daily News and Leader*. They were worth the trouble. For whoever wishes to engulf New York in a single mouthful after the fashion of Cleopatra and her pearl cannot do better than imbibe the cocktail in the form of Miss Brown's mixture. It is a cocktail—rather a fiery one, too, and of manifold ingredients, but (as prepared according to her recipe) thoroughly digestible. "New York is a tonic," she rightly observes, and hers is a tonic treatment of the theme.

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